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TOWN IN THE SEASON.—OPPOSITE GUNTER'S.

[See 'May in Town,' p. 460.]

THE PREMIER NOVELIST.

WE touch our hats to Mr. Disraeli. We respectfully hail him as one of ourselves. Every member of the guild whose blazon is the grey goosequill—every man who lays claim to what the author of 'Sybil' calls 'the distinguished title of a journalist'—may lift a glance of admiration to this eminent brother. He owes his elevation to

his brain and heart and strong right arm. Alone he did it. Fifty years ago there were few boys in the island whose prospects of a career were less brilliant than his, and in whose way lay more numerous or more formidable obstacles. Without rank, without wealth, without the hereditary passions and prejudices of an Englishman,—with spe-

culative audacity where Mr. Bull expects slow-footed caution, and glittering rhetoric where substantial John wants figures and facts,—Mr. Disraeli seemed to be unfortunate alike in the gifts he wanted and in the gifts he possessed. Even his genius, you would say, was against him: for is there aught the purse-proud dullards who conceal themselves to be *par excellence* practical men hate and dread more than genius? And yet Mr. Disraeli has triumphed. He has scaled the rugged mountain of success, and now, 'Hyperion-like, on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war.' The stupid of his own party, and of all parties, look up to him in bewilderment; stolid squires, who, 'sold by the carcass,' as the market reports say, would make fifteen stones, Tory lawyers in country towns, Conservative parsons all round the globe, may pretend to understand him, but do not, and to be content with his rule, but are not. As a high-pressure engine, screaming and snorting in all the glory of flame and iron, drags a long train of baggage waggons behind it, so does Mr. Disraeli pull his party on. Oh, if the squires and country clergy could but realize the scorn with which he regards them! Oh, if the Tories could but know what a supreme act of condescension he deems it to be their leader!

Truly a remarkable product of nature, art, and artifice is our dazzling and delightful Ben. He is in his way superlative and unique. This may perhaps be said of all original men; but there are some original men, and Mr. Disraeli is one of them, to whom the words can be applied with more than usual precision and emphasis. He unites qualities which are not only diverse, but which, at first sight, appear contradictory and irreconcilable. Flighty, fanciful, loving to soar on the wings of a vague and extravagant imagination, he is at the same time unconquerable by toil, inflexible in resolution, indomitable in perseverance. To the chariot of his mind are yoked Pegasus and a cart-horse; and so skilful has been his driving that, though he has always

let Pegasus have his fling—though he has said more astonishing things and done wilder things than any man of his generation—he has never been thrown out of his track, and has reached the loftiest goal towards which a British subject can strive.

Perhaps he would himself tell us that the secret is to be found in race. Spanish and Italian by descent, the lightnings of a southern clime are in his blood and brain; those mystic lightnings of the intellectual atmosphere which flash out in capricious brilliancies, in far-flashing splendours of passion and invention, in words that smite and burn. The more sombre genius, also, of those famed lands may betray its influence in his delight in strategy and manoeuvre, and in his perfect self-possession amid the raging of civil broils. Hebrew of the Hebrews, however, neither Spain, Italy, nor England has changed the essential qualities of the old stock, and in the toughness, the tenacity, the patient vigilance, the long-winded, invincible perseverance of Mr. Disraeli we recognise fundamentally the same type of character which, by natural miracle, put Jacob into possession of the choicest live-stock of Laban, and made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt. It has been questioned whether Mr. Disraeli, though you may trace in him the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Jew, presents to the psychological analyst any of the characteristics of an Englishman. Undenially he has less of the qualities of our slow-thoughted, sturdy-bodied race than of those which pertain to the more ancient and historical nationalities. It might plausibly be maintained that the Prime Minister of England has less in him of the Englishman than any one of the gentlemen who represent England in St. Stephen's. But let us not decide this question with a hasty and dogmatic negative. Neither Spain, Italy, nor Hebrew-land would have given Mr. Disraeli his good-humour. Terribly bitter as he is in a stand-up fight, there is no spite, or malignity, or brooding hatred in his soul. The softened fires of England's sun, the sweet

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moist blue of England's sky, have taken from his heart every trace of Spanish cruelty, every dark tint of Italian guile, every deep shade of Hebrew bigotry. He does not come up to Johnson's idea of a good hater. He has no political adversary—he never had—with whom he could not enjoy 'a lobster salad and champagne and chat.' This thorough good-heartedness of Mr. Disraeli's proves that our island has taken possession of him. The same thing is evidenced by the fact that personally he is liked by every one. We don't really care for Spaniards, Italians, and Jews. We do them justice, but we do not fancy their company. Mr. Disraeli is so much liked personally that his reputation as a good fellow has been an important assistance to him in achieving political success. And is not his pluck that of an Englishman? There is not a man of more dashing, cool, unaffected courage within the narrow seas. Yes, we shall admit that, though marvellously different from most of us, though strangely compacted of the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Jew, Mr. Disraeli deserves the name of Englishman. And, next to the name of Hebrew, there is none, we believe, of which he would be more proud.

Name him as we choose, however,—catalogue and classify his characteristics as we may,—we shall not perfectly understand Mr. Disraeli or cut out a coat which will exactly fit him. Better far than taxing our literary ingenuity to produce a formula that might describe him will it be to look at the man himself as seen on various occasions when he has drawn the eyes of his countrymen upon him.

We need not linger upon those escapades which signalised his entrance on a political career; his fierce dash at O'Connell, like a king-bird at a soaring eagle, his haughty words addressed to the agitator, 'We meet at Philippi,' with the great Irishman's description of him, in reply, as 'that gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion whom he understood to be a lineal descendant of the impetuous thief,' his challenge to the man of O'Connell; his first appear-

ance in the House; the tittering which greeted his magniloquent sentences, and his bold words as he felt himself compelled to sit down, 'The day will come when you will hear me.' The newspapers have of late been full of these things; but, in fact, they might have occurred to any young man of genius, ambition, and audacity in the excitement of fighting his way into Parliament and first taking his seat within the walls. They are to be regarded as exceptional extravagances or brilliancies rather than as deeply characteristic of our friend.

But it is the true Disraeli we behold in his world-famous battles with Peel. We have said that Mr. Disraeli is not a good hater, and we do not believe that even against Peel he had a real, deep-rooted animosity. There was a natural antipathy between the men. The grave and earnest Baronet of Tamworth had never seen anything like Mr. Disraeli, and made him out just sufficiently to distrust and detest him. That a fashionable novelist could be capable of close application and hard work; that the author of some of the most paradoxical theories discoverable in the whole literature of politics could be yoked in the harness of administration and pull steadily at the official plough, never occurred to the formal and methodic colleague of Wellington. Peel accordingly stalked on in lofty, disdainful indifference, and Mr. Disraeli instinctively felt that he could not hope for advancement from that quarter. But he could not maintain an attitude of neutrality towards the Conservative chief. Not being his friend, he was impelled to become his foe. Reynard the Fox, in that grand old fable of the German common people in which he plays the chief part, explains that he found it quite impossible to keep his hands off Lampe the hare. Lampe, he perfectly knew, had many titles to his respect. He was irreproachable in every relation of life, a model husband and father, a faultless official. But even in this utter and absolute propriety, in the total respectability and sleek and complacent look of the creature, there was a rebuke to

inferior and flippant natures which to Reynard was intolerable. So he could not help taking Lampe by the nape of the neck and knocking him over. The solemn and sententious virtue of Peel, his almost pedantic accuracy and formality, his consciousness of making history and earning the gratitude of his country, were irresistibly tempting to the keen-worded, wild-witted, highly unvenerating Disraeli. He felt that, though he was nothing in the House and Peel was everything, he was possessed of genius, while Sir Robert, admirably as his intellect had been disciplined and scrupulous as was his conscientiousness, was after all but a sublime mediocrity. Accordingly he commenced a series of attacks upon Peel, which, for the vivacious pungency of their wit and the astonishing importance of the results they occasioned, stand alone in the literature of parliamentary debate. Peel was as an elephant in contest with a hunting leopard or young Bengal tiger. He had no weapon which he could bring to bear against his nimble and brilliant assailant. His favourite quotations were ridiculed, his most pointed arguments were turned from their aim by a jest, his most elaborate speeches were commented on with a light sharp raillery which threw the House into fits of laughter. It is probable that Sir Robert Peel felt nothing in his parliamentary experience so severely as these attacks of Mr. Disraeli. The Tories who refused to follow Sir Robert in his free trade legislation, and clung to the vain hope of uplifting the fallen standard of protection, were so grateful to Mr. Disraeli for ministering to their revenge that, in the dreary absence from their ranks of men of commanding ability, he rose quickly into a position of importance in the party, and saw before him the path of a great career. The success of his raillery sobered him at once; he flung aside, as used and done with, the reputation of parliamentary wit, and, cultivating the higher kinds of parliamentary eloquence, aspired to the name and influence of a statesman. This combination of shrewd-

ness with brilliancy, of sense with audacity, was profoundly characteristic of the man.

To leap at once from his first political appearance to his last, we find much in Mr. Disraeli's conduct of the Reform Bill of 1867 through the House of Commons, and the circumstances connected with that arduous and interesting operation, to bring out the lights and shadows in his character. We are not going to enter upon a laborious investigation of the question whether he, as a Conservative minister, acted an upright and consistent part in carrying through Parliament a measure of parliamentary reform based upon rating household suffrage. Suffice it, on that head, to remark, first, that, after half a dozen administrations had tried their hands at a Reform Bill and failed, and after fifteen years had been spent in vain attempts to solve the problem, a minister might be excused for having recourse to rather extraordinary shifts in order to remove the difficulty; and, secondly, that no one who is acquainted with Mr. Disraeli's political writings, particularly with 'Sybil,' can refuse to admit that, although his connection with the Tory party may be deemed from first to last a deviation from the deepest principles of his books, there is no inconsistency between these and the most daring extension of political rights to the people. But we are not going to write a political dissertation; our object is to have a look at Mr. Disraeli from one or two advantageous points of view. The mere fact that, through Tory shoals and Liberal breakers, his decks raked by the fire of the enemy and with mutineers on board, he brought his craft safely into harbour, proves him to be the most adroit, shifty, dexterous, energetic, and courageous of men. How he reconnoitred by means of his Resolutions, spoke at large on the blessings of the constitution, delivered edifying homilies on the duty of rising above party spirit, and peered steadily all the time through the fog to see how the land lay; how he had good words for every political section, professed himself the humble ser-

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vant of the country and the House, was sweetly imperturbable in temper and mildly magnanimous in tone; how he forced the Liberals to vote for him by outbidding Gladstone, and the Radicals to swell his triumph by astounding Bright; how he persuaded the squires that they were good Tories in helping to carry a measure which, if it had been brought in by Feargus O'Connor, they would have resisted with the sabres of Peterloo; all this is written in the parliamentary history of England for the last eighteen months, and, as he reads all this, the genial humorist of the future will declare that one of the cleverest fellows that ever walked on leather was Benjamin Disraeli.

Among the minor incidents of the great struggle, what could be finer, from an artistic point of view, than his settling of accounts with Mr. Gladstone? 'The right honourable gentleman,' said Mr. Disraeli, with that arch, satirical glance, doubtless, which used to kindle the expectation of the House when Peel was to be the victim—'the right honourable gentleman gets up and addresses me in a tone which I must say is very unusual in this House. Not that I at all care for the heat he displays, although really his manner is sometimes so very excited and so alarming that one might almost feel thankful that gentlemen in this House who sit on opposite sides of the table are divided by a good broad piece of furniture. The right honourable gentleman, addressing me in the tone and with the air of a familiar of the Inquisition, puts me to the question and says, "This must be given up," "That must be abandoned," and so forth.' To appreciate the effectiveness of this presentation of Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons as a familiar of the Inquisition, we must recollect the serene, Epicurean indifference which reigns in the polite club of St. Stephen's, and the pique with which many of the members regarded the tone of imperious and sensitive virtue assumed by Mr. Gladstone.

Equally felicitous, though in

rougher style, was Mr. Disraeli's manner of disposing of the censures of the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews at the banquet given in his honour at Edinburgh. A Reform Bill conferring the suffrage upon every respectable householder in the boroughs of England was as much in conflict with the traditions of the Whigs as with the traditions of the Tories, and Mr. Disraeli had been duly reprobated and rebuked by the celebrated Whig and by the celebrated Tory Review. But he proved himself a match for both, and rather more. The writer in the Edinburgh Review had not, he said, on this occasion, mounted the fiery barb of Francis Jeffrey, but rode a hearse horse, on which he consummated the obsequies of the Whig party. As for the critic of the 'Quarterly,' he reminded Mr. Disraeli of certain patients who had particularly interested him in a visit he once paid to a lunatic asylum, whose malady it was to believe all the world insane and themselves alone in their right minds. But in fact—thus Mr. Disraeli reached the climax of his reply to these formidable assailants—both these famed periodicals had been excellent and influential in their day, only their day was past. They recalled to his mind two noted posting-houses of that old time when coaches were still upon the road. They had both in those days driven a roaring trade, and the liveliest animosity and competition had reigned between them; but a revolution had occurred in the thoughts and habits of men, and the old posting-houses stood in venerable desolation by the silent highway. All rivalry died out between them; they blended their tears over a common sorrow; the boots of the Blue Boar embraced the chambermaid of the Red Lion, and both denounced the infamy of railways. At the same banquet Mr. Disraeli, excited by the cheers of twelve hundred gentlemen, and warmed with old port, made those grandly audacious but strictly veracious statements about having educated the Tories, of which 'Punch' issued a pictorial illustration in the shape of Fagin

educating his 'party' to steal reform out of the pocket of a little old gentleman suspended from the bedpost with the features of Earl Russell.

It has always been Mr. Disraeli's habit to be studiously courteous, cautious, and complimentary in speech so long as he felt himself in danger, and to take his revenge, when he had won the victory, by the fiercest derision and the wildest sarcasm. We have already referred to Reynard the Fox as a prototype of Mr. Disraeli, and in this particular also he recalls that great original. Reynard in trouble was a model of virtue and urbanity. On the gallows his discourse would have done honour to a bishop. Honied accents of universal philanthropy flow from his tongue; the desire and ambition of his heart would be satisfied if he could but benefit his species; and at last his eloquent fervour glows with such melting power that the spectators are dissolved in tears, and King Lion is fain to relent, and, by granting a new lease of life to the illustrious prisoner, to continue his opportunities of well-doing. No sooner, however, is the feel of the rope out of his neck than he is at his old pranks, and his innate and invincible propensity to snarl and bite asserts itself. So it has always been with Mr. Disraeli. When fighting in the House against great odds he is as courteous as a polite letter-writer. No offensive phrase escapes his guarded lips, and he deals his smiles and compliments all round. But when he is safe and at large, then let there be trembling in the poultry-yard. Gabbling turkey-cocks, cackling hens, green geese, pullets—not a neck is safe. The finest illustration of this peculiarity of our hero is that afforded by his never-to-be-forgotten speech to the Buckingham rustics in Slough barn in 1858. Mr. Disraeli had just escaped from what seemed inevitable and overwhelming defeat. The Conservative Cabinet commanded at the time little more than one-third of the House of Commons. A motion equivalent to a vote of censure had been moved against them; every one, including Mr.

Disraeli, had thought they had no chance, when, by one of those rapid and singular turns which occur on the political battle-field, the danger passed over and ministers were safe. Mr. Disraeli, who, for long days and nights, had been the image of all the cardinal virtues, rushed off to Slough, and revenged himself in perhaps the most astonishing speech ever uttered by a Cabinet Minister of Great Britain. We at least know nothing comparable to Mr. Disraeli's picture of the break-up and disappearance of the Opposition in that unparalleled speech. We must quote this passage, and, in order that our readers may be able to place the whole scene before the mind's eye, we shall put down also the jottings of the reporters as to the effect produced upon the audience.

'There is nothing,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'like that last Friday evening in the history of the House of Commons. We came down to the House expecting to divide at four o'clock in the morning, I myself expecting to deliver an address two hours after midnight, and I believe that, even with the consciousness of a good cause, that is no mean effort. (Hear.) Well, gentlemen, we were all assembled, our benches with their serried ranks seemed to rival those of our proud opponents, when suddenly there arose a wail of distress—(laughter) but not from us. (Renewed laughter.) I can only liken the scene to the mutiny of the Bengal army. (Laughter.) Regiment after regiment, corps after corps, general after general, all acknowledged that they could not march through Coventry. (Roars of laughter.) It was like a convulsion of nature rather than any ordinary transaction of human life. (Laughter.) I can only liken it to one of those earthquakes which take place in Calabria or Peru. (Laughter.) There was a rumbling murmur—(laughter) a groan—(laughter) a shriek, a sound of distant thunder. No one knew whether it came from the top or the bottom of the House. (Laughter.) There was a rent, a fissure in the ground, and then a village disappeared—(laughter) then

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a tall tower toppled down, and the whole of the Opposition benches became one great dissolving view of anarchy.' (Loud cheers and laughter.)

Among the adversaries over whom Mr. Disraeli had triumphed, Lord Shaftesbury had signalised himself by his zeal in the Upper House. Mr. Disraeli paid him off by presenting to himself and to the country his full-length portrait in character of a sublime Phariſee, displaying the breadth of his phylacteries, and calling Heaven to witness, 'in the voice and accents of majestic adoration,' that he was not as other men are.

By way of hitting all his enemies at once, he threw them into a group and, with a few rapid, firm, and daring strokes of the brush, produced a *tableau vivant* in which they figured as a Cabal plotting darkly the ruin of the Queen and country. 'There exists,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'at this moment in England that which has not existed since the days of Charles II. There is in England at this moment a Cabal—a Cabal which has no other object but to upset the Government of the Queen, and to compass their ends in a manner the most reckless and the most determined.' The traitors of the Cabal had 'packed' the House of Commons. Their policy, if successful, would be fatal to the greatness of England. 'Let the Cabal be successful,' Mr. Disraeli went on, 'and in foreign affairs you will have a truckling foreign policy; while in home affairs you will have, gradually established, a strong and strict centralised Government, on the model of the Government which the Cabal admire; and whenever the spirit of the country is interested in those improvements which the spirit of the age demands,—whether they be social, or financial, or constitutional,—and the settlement of which is the first duty and the most pressing task of a real statesman,—then you will have your attention distracted from this conservative progress by incomprehensible wars carried on in distant parts, commenced for no earthly purpose, and terminating in the waste of your

resources and perhaps of your reputation.'

Nothing in the way of political extravaganza ever exceeded the wildness and audacity of this. Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the other members of the Cabal, together with the press and the public, were electrified. In speeches of indignant remonstrance Mr. Disraeli was called upon to explain. But gravity was thrown away upon the imperturbable, inextinguishable, incorrigible offender. He had the laughs all on his side, and although to his dying day Earl Russell will never get over the surprise, the horror, the bewilderment with which the idea that the artist of the Cabal should be the most powerful Minister of Great Britain affected him, the country decided to see in the affair only a superlatively good joke, and perhaps reflected that, though a Minister too clever by half may be objectionable, a Minister too stupid by half is insupportable. Quite recently the Duke of Argyll has associated himself with Earl Russell in calling Mr. Disraeli to account for brilliant audacities of speech. Two old maiden aunts, of immaculate reputation and decorously dull, might as well attempt to lecture a scapegrace nephew of genius into their own starched and stalking propriety. In one or two sentences of mild, fine-flavoured, good-humoured banter on the demeanour expected in the Upper House, Mr. Disraeli whiffed away their elaborate and lengthy orations.

These glimpses of Mr. Disraeli as a politician, few and partial as they are, may be relied on so far as they go. They prove that, when his genius is acted upon by excitement, there is no eccentricity of which he is incapable. But his eccentricities have not placed him where he is. They have afforded occasional relief to his spirit; but, since he became a political leader, severe toil and unremitting vigilance have been the habit of his nights and days.

After all, Mr. Disraeli's deepest character may be that which he has impressed upon his books, rather than that which is revealed in the

life he has passed in the world's eye. Our own idea upon the subject is that the Disraeli of public life has been only an attempt, and but a partially successful attempt, to realize what the Disraeli of 'Contarini Fleming,' of 'Sybil,' 'Coningsby,' and 'Tancred' wished to be.

Mr. Disraeli has written about a dozen books, most of them in three volumes. Their general character is exceeding brilliancy of expression, with vivid and gorgeous scenery, high-wrought delineation of passion, and speculation, soaring and adventurous, in politics, history, and theology. He writes always with a knowing, self-confident, haughty air, as if he held in his fingers the solution of all those problems which have puzzled mankind, and could untie the Gordian knot of them familiar as his garter. The splendour of his books is, indeed, too uniform and dazzling. They lack repose. They fatigue from the intensity of their glare, and we are never for a moment unconscious of the art of the writer. Hence they seldom or never affect us with that tender and enthralling charm which belongs to the best—which is also the simplest and most gently-flowing—narrative of Scott, of Thackeray, and of Dickens. Their atmosphere precisely reverses that of the land of Tennyson's Lotus Eaters; in them it is *never* afternoon, but always the blaze of midday. They are all—if we may speak from an extensive though not quite exhaustive examination,—defective in the construction and management of plot. The interest is worked up before the commencement of the third volume, and, for the rest of the way, we trudge along a road without a bend, of which we can count the milestones into the far distance, and on which we are quite sure we will now discover nothing new. In fact, the second halves of Mr. Disraeli's books appear to be always worse than the first. 'Sybil' is a partial exception to this rule. So is 'Coningsby.' Both of these, however, are melodramatic in conclusion—'Sybil,' absurdly so. 'Vivian Grey,' 'Contarini Fleming,' 'Venetia,' 'Henrietta Temple,' and 'Tancred'

fall off irretrievably after we are well into the second volumes. But there is perhaps not a chapter in any of them which does not give proof of genius. In addition to his novels, Mr. Disraeli has published a Biography of Lord George Bentinck. The work is remarkable as containing an explicit re-statement of some of the most original and daring views on the character, genius, and destiny of the Hebrew people advanced in his fictions. There is also a severe power—a Holbein-like intensity and exactitude—in his portrait of the last of the Protectionists.

Mr. Disraeli is now ashamed of 'Vivian Grey.' 'Books written by boys,' he impatiently remarks in the few lines with which the edition of 1853 is introduced to the public, 'which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must necessarily be founded on affectation. . . . Of such circumstances, exaggeration is a necessary consequence; and false taste accompanies exaggeration. . . . Such productions should be exempt from criticism, and should be looked upon as a kind of literary *lusus*. These observations apply to "Vivian Grey." The criticism is substantially as just as it is manly. All that the most favourable censor could have said of 'Vivian Grey' would have been that here was a sparkling and pretentious first book, the work of an astonishingly clever youth. It is probable, however, that 'Vivian Grey' will continue to be read not exclusively on account of the eminence attained by its author. It is in some parts highly amusing, and there are bursts of a fresh and fiery, though always juvenile eloquence. Vivian is a prodigy of cleverness, without a trace of principle. At school he is insufferably conceited, arrogant, and domineering; first the darling and then the foe of his schoolfellows, and triumphs at last by raising an insurrection in the place, and having his revenge upon classmates, ushers, and master at once. In life, as at school, he carries everything before him; dazzles all circles by his coruscating wit

and audacious humour; wins the hearts of women, and winds men round his little finger; reorganizes a broken and languishing political party; fights a duel, kills his man, and leaves England. His travels on the Continent belong to the literature of farce; and the narrative stops short, not when it reaches any conclusion, but when the author is as tired as the reader has long been. As a fashionable fop and man of the world, Mr. Disraeli's Vivian is much inferior to Lord Lytton's Pelham. Viewed in connection with Mr. Disraeli's political career, the following sentences have a curious interest: 'Of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic, who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. If, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion.' Mr. Disraeli, fighting, under the auspices of Lord Derby, as the champion of the Tories, has not found himself unrewarded. Whether he would now unaffectedly shudder in the retrospect, as he then affectedly shuddered in the prospect, of power; and shrink, as he then pretended to shrink, from 'the wearing anxiety, the consuming care, the eternal vigilance, the constant contrivance, the agonising suspense, the distracting vicissitudes,' of a successful political career, we need not inquire. 'Ambition!' exclaimed Mr. Disraeli in his boyish work, 'at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death.' May the prophecy never be verified in the experience of the prophet! 'Vivian Grey' then is a poor book,

exceptionable in every point of view, the reckless literary escapade of a youth of genius, the sowing of his wild oats by a madcap husbandman just emerging from his teens. But is not this enough to say about it? Are we required to read the statesman of sixty a ponderous lecture on the rhapsodical effusion which, even at twenty, he poured forth, more, probably, for the fun of the thing than with any graver intent? Really our trusty and well-beloved brother 'Fraser' must not be so crusty and censorious in his hale old age. If wild books are sins of so deep a dye—and we used to imagine that wildish writing was not unknown between the covers of 'Fraser's Magazine,'—might it not have been mentioned that Mr. Disraeli has made the *amende honorable* to the genius of literary propriety, and tossed aside his boyish attempt as a thing of nought? Goethe made a wise and genial remark when he said that the growing mind has rights of its own. If the extravagance of boyhood is to be tried by the severe standard of elderly virtue, which of us will escape a whipping? Besides, a joke is a joke, and the rights of the wit are as undeniable as the rights of the boy. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line between innocent jest and actual lying. When Vivian Grey charms dull rhymesters of lordly rank by extemporizing verses and passing them off with enthusiasm as quotations from their lordships' poems,—when he employs his imitative talent in writing autographs of Scott, Byron, and other celebrities admired by his young lady friends,—when he bamboozles and bewilders that eminent ornithologist Mr. Mackaw by opening the third volume of the once famous novel, 'Tremaine,' and reading from it a minute and vivid account of that singular bird, the chowchowtow, — he does nothing more than what scores of young Oxford and Cambridge bloods would give their diamond rings to be able to do, and what they might do without the slightest risk of being thought by their admirers capable of lying. The man who, in one of our most fashionable satirical

prints, put the name of the Emperor of the French to what purported to be an imperial letter, which letter, after being quoted in all directions, elicited a disclaimer from the Tuilleries, and thus contributed largely to make the fortune of the ingenious print in question, was not called a forger and a scoundrel. We are not defending Vivian Grey; we have admitted that he is an unprincipled fop; but we submit that all these considerations must be borne in mind if we are to set about forming a grave estimate of his moral worth or worthlessness, and if we are to be called on to admit, as we certainly should decline to do, that the character of Vivian Grey is a reliable approximation to the character of Mr. Disraeli. On one occasion Vivian tries to persuade Mrs. Felix Lorraine that Cleveland is in love with her by reading tender passages in reference to that lady from Cleveland's correspondence, which passages are the progeny of Vivian's scampish brain. But towards this very Cleveland he acts, on occasion of the duel between them, with chivalrous generosity, firing the first time into the air and the second time at random. Between him and Mrs. Felix Lorraine there is mortal enmity and war to the knife. She is a wanton, and attempts to be a murderess. Vivian adopts, in carrying on the campaign against her, the principle adopted by Clive in dealing with the native politicians of Bengal, and frankly defended by that distinguished soldier. In order to circumvent the scoundrel Omichund, Clive forged the name of Admiral Lawrence to a false treaty. When you have to do with a scoundrel—this was Clive's theory—you need not be a scoundrel, but it is necessary and it is right to *play* the scoundrel. We entirely agree with Macaulay that Clive was wrong; but Vivian Grey and Lord Clive are in the same class of offenders. The fact is that no serious argument as to the character of Mr. Disraeli can be based upon so distracted and absurd a literary delineation as that of his earliest hero.

If you insist upon finding Mr. Disraeli in any of his early books, let the book chosen be 'Contarini Fleming.' Its plan is almost identical with that of 'Vivian Grey.' It is an account of the childhood, boyhood, youth, literary attempts, love affair, marriage, travels, and miscellaneous adventures of a youth of genius. Of 'Contarini Fleming' Mr. Disraeli is not ashamed, and he has no reason to be ashamed. It was written, he tells us, 'with great care, after deep meditation, and in a beautiful and distant land favourable to composition.' Critically examining it in 1845, Mr. Disraeli pronounces it to have 'accomplished his idea.' That idea was to exhibit 'the development and formation of the poetic character.' He placed his hero amid the snows and forests of the North, but gave him ancestral associations with Venice, so that the image of that distant and romantic city might act upon his vividly susceptible temperament. A different hand now holds the pencil from that which drew Vivian Grey. Firm, and fine, and right is the touch of the literary artist. He brings out with exquisite clearness every figure on his canvas, and throws life and animation into every breathing line and glowing tint. We have no longer a mere glare of brilliant verbiage, but the graceful ease and elegant vivacity of the accomplished stylist. Beyond doubt, in the interval between the writing of 'Vivian Grey' and the writing of 'Contarini Fleming,' Mr. Disraeli had acted upon the advice given in the latter work to writers who have much imagination but little discipline. 'Is not writing an art equally with painting? Words are but chalk and colour. The painter and the poet must follow the same course. Both must alike study before they cut. Both must alike consult nature and invent the beautiful. . . . The painter and the poet, however assisted by their own organisation, must alike perfect their style by the same process—I mean by studying the works themselves of great painters and great

poets.' Both as a literary man and as a politician, Mr. Disraeli furnishes proof and illustration of what may be done by careful study and assiduous application.

Singularly felicitous is Mr. Disraeli's delineation of the poetical child and boy. Self-willed, capricious, liable to gusts and fits of passion, with an unquenchable thirst for love and experiencing ecstatic joy in loving, young Contarini lives in an alternation of ravishing bliss and hopeless despondency. He is charmed with the theatre, for there, at length, he 'perceived human beings conducting themselves as he wished.' He threatens to commit suicide. He kicks down chairs. He falls enthusiastically in love with a grown-up girl. He gradually takes to his pen, and the thought flashes in rapture along his mind that he may be a poet. At last he 'achieved a simile.' The effect is alarming. 'Breathless, and indeed exhausted, I read over the chapter. I could scarcely believe its existence possible. I rushed into the park, and hurried to some solitude where, undisturbed by the sight of a human being, I could enjoy my intense existence. I was so agitated, I was in such a tumult of felicity, that for the rest of the day I could not even think.' This paroxysm of self-admiration is speedily followed by a reaction equally extreme. His poor simile appears to him tame, forced, 'absolutely sickening.' He 'threw away the wretched effusion, the beautiful inkstand, the cream-coloured paper, the fine pens—away they were all crammed in a drawer, which I was ever after ashamed to open.' These alternations of feeling—these vehement oscillations from extreme to extreme—these sudden, impetuous and imperious impulses which hurry the boy along, now in one direction, now in another,—are admirably characteristic of the poetical temperament.

The character of Contarini Fleming is pitched in a far higher moral key than that of Vivian Grey. Contarini is indeed inspired with intense and inextinguishable thirst for distinction, but his ambition is

of a nobler and less worldly kind than that of Vivian. The father of Fleming, an eminent statesman, presents the type of the accomplished, cool, sagacious, and energetic man of the world, whose supreme aim in life is to assert his power over men. The son conforms scrupulously to the system of study recommended to him by his father, but in the terms in which he refers to it we detect the discrepancy between the views and characters of the men. 'I sacredly observed my hours of reading,' says Contarini, 'and devoted myself to the study of what my father considered really great men—that is to say, men of great energies and violent volition, who look upon their fellow-creatures as mere tools, with which they can build up a pedestal for their solitary statue, and who sacrifice every feeling which should sway humanity, and every high work which genius should really achieve, to the short-sighted gratification of an irrational and outrageous selfishness.' Those who would have us believe that an 'irrational and outrageous selfishness' has been the grand principle of Mr. Disraeli's life, and who quote sentences from 'Vivian Grey' to prove how early he conceived the use which men who have a talent for success can make of human baseness, ought in fairness to recollect that in 'Contarini Fleming,' his first serious, careful, and meditated book, the greatness which rises above self-worship, which is inseparably allied with virtue, which is nurtured on high thoughts, generous feelings, and illustrious deeds, is described as alone worth striving after.

Contarini proceeds to the University. He admires his professors; the enthusiasm and the pride of learning steal over him; twelve hours a day of study enable him to penetrate the mysteries of Greek; he stands enraptured in the solemn halls of the past. A gold medal is suddenly announced for the best essay on the Dorian people. He resolves to compete, glean information from ancient and modern authors, moulds his crude materials into luminous order, strikes out a theory of his own to give originality

and life to his performance, writes the first sentence while the two great influences, religion and music, act upon him, composes on horse-back or pacing his chamber at midnight, wins the prize, is praised in the journals, becomes the idol of the University, is hailed as the future ornament of his country, and returns to his father in a blaze of glory. He is now the model young man complete, and has the insufferability characteristic of the species. 'Self-satisfaction sparkled on my countenance, and my carriage was agitated with the earnestness and the excitement with which I busied myself with the trivial and the trite. My father smiled, half with delight and half with humour, upon my growing consciousness of importance, and introduced me to his friends with increased satisfaction. He even listened to me while, one day after dinner, I disserted upon the *Pelaagi*; but when he found that I believed in innate ideas, he thought that my self-delusion began to grow serious.'

The spell of the past is suddenly and for ever broken. His father advises him to read *Voltaire*. The daring ideas, enchanting style, brilliant grace, and exhaustless wit of the splendid but superficial Frenchman carry him off as in the arms of a whirlwind. 'As I read I roared, I laughed, I shouted with wonder and admiration; I trembled with indignation at the fortunes of my race; my bitter smile sympathized with the searching ridicule and withering mockery. Pedants, and priests, and tyrants; the folios of dunces, the fires of inquisitors, and the dungeons of kings; and the long, dull system of imposture and misrule that had sat like a gloating incubus on the fair neck of Nature; and all our ignorance, and all our weakness, and all our folly, and all our infinite imperfection—I looked around—I thought of the dissertation upon the *Dorians*, and I considered myself the most contemptible of my wretched species.'

He returns to the University. He is the model young man no longer. He rallies round him his old companions, but instead of the

descanting pedant and ambitious prize-man, they find him aflame with new ideas and stark mad about *Voltaire*. They read with him the 'Philosophical Dictionary'; send prejudices to the dogs; talk sublimely of first principles; resolve themselves into a society for the amelioration of the species; and elect *Contarini* president. All this is naturally less agreeable to the professors than prize essays on the *Dorians*. The Principal has a serious talk with *Contarini*. The *Voltairean* maniac returns to his rooms 'in a dark rage.' He spurns control, curses authority, paces his room 'like *Cataline*,' and at supper, filling a bumper at the head of his table, he pledges his companions to the toast, 'Confusion to all government.' Why should such choice spirits be separated? Why should the unnatural system of cruel society disperse them, and send them forth, 'in monstrous disguises of priests, and soldiers, and statesmen,' to plague instead of regenerating mankind? Let the High Principal, with his whole crew of professors, prisgs, and slaves, be left to their organized hypocrisies, and the sons of genius go forth to worship nature and cultivate the grander virtues in the forest of *Jonsterna*. Such is the proposition of the young Count de *Pahlen*. It is accepted with acclamations. The night is passed in maturing the scheme. The companions, leaving the University, pursue different routes, thus avoiding suspicion, and meet at a ruined castle in the heart of the old pine-wood of *Jonsterna*. The contents of their purses are thrown into a common stock, and the famous gold medal is melted down to replenish the exchequer.

The Secret Union for the Amelioration of Society resume their sittings 'almost in a savage state' in the great hall of the ancient Gothic ruin. The heart of the president swells within him as he contemplates the scene. The shadowy, vast, and antique hall, the moaning of the night wind among the pines, the flickering light flung by the blazing hearth and huge torches, the glittering arms, the picturesque

garb and radiant faces of his companions, excite his imagination in the highest degree. But the philosophy of universal Voltairian benevolence turns out to be impracticable in the forest, and the society for the regeneration of the world takes the shape of a corps of bandits. A few acts of robbery are committed; a body of police and military enter the forest; and the heroes scamper off, as they had come, in different directions. No one meeting an individual student in the woods takes him for a robber, and so they all come off safe. 'Ere I departed,' says Contarini, 'I stopped before the old castle, and gazed upon it, grey in the moonlight. The mighty pines rose tall and black into the dark-blue air. All was silent.'

First, that it is extravagantly improbable; secondly, that it manifestly owes its suggestion to Schiller;—such are the objections which may be taken to this Jonsleria episode. No such occurrence could of course have taken place, though the improbability is not so great as in the instance of Schiller's 'Robbers,' and the whole thing is touched off with the airy vivacity of a wild practical jest. As for the suggestion of the idea, we can only say that, whether his own or another's, the idea was very much at Mr. Disraeli's service. Time out of mind there has ceased to be any originality in the notion of a parcel of students playing at bandits. There are some people very fond of bringing this charge of plagiarism against Mr. Disraeli. In 'Venetia,' it is said, he appropriates a whole page and a half from Lord Macaulay. On referring to our copy of the book, we find that exactly one paragraph, occupying a quarter a page in the single volume edition of his lordship's Essays, has been borrowed, that it is introduced with the words 'it has been observed,' and is followed by a reference to the 'celebrated author' from whom it is taken. In nineteen cases out of twenty the fuss made by dull critics about plagiarism is absurd. It looks a paradox, but is a fact, that none but an original man can be with effect a literary

borrower. Has any one denied the originality of Goethe? Yet he was brave enough to declare, partly in jest, but with an earnest meaning in his words, that his books were made up of good things from various authors. Is not Mr. Carlyle our most original living writer? Yet who will undertake to say what is Goethe's, what Schiller's, what Jean Paul's, and what Shakspeare's in his rich and painted page? Mr. Disraeli is a great learner, and has the true instinct of a literary artist to emulate and to assimilate literary excellence wherever he beholds it; but, as literary men go, he is unquestionably signalized by the absence of plagiarism in his works. Facility and exuberance are his most marked characteristics, and he is under no temptation to beg, borrow, or steal. The notion of his picking up a pretty passage here, a happy thought or felicitous illustration there, and weaving them into the tissue of his composition, is eminently absurd. It would not pay Baron Rothschild to go about priggish threepenny pieces.

As for Contarini Fleming, we can follow the vagaries and brilliancies of the poetic youth no longer. In a style of marvellous richness and keen precision and point, his travels, his love affairs and brief married life, the gradual ripening of his opinions for the stage of action, are described to us. Sentences occur which we may confidently accept as having a biographical significance in relation to Mr. Disraeli. 'I will own to you,' says Contarini, and through his lips speaks his literary creator, 'that my ambition is great. I do not think that I should find life tolerable, unless I were in an eminent position, and conscious that I deserved it.' The concluding words of the book are these: 'What is the arch of the conqueror? what the laurel of the poet? I think of the infinity of space, I feel my nothingness. Yet if I am to be remembered, let me be remembered as one who, in a sad night of gloomy ignorance and savage bigotry, was prescient of the flaming morning-break of bright philosophy—as one who deeply sympathized with his

fellow-men, and felt a proud and profound conviction of their perfectibility—as one who devoted himself to the amelioration of his kind, by the destruction of error and the propagation of truth.

Mr. Disraeli's great political novels are 'Coningsby,' 'Tancred,' and 'Sybil.' They have faults enough, are defective to any extent in construction of plot and probability of incident, and contain a few wildly paradoxical ideas. But no qualified and candid judge could, we think, read them without pronouncing Mr. Disraeli one of the most astonishing men of the present century. They exhibit varied and wonderful ability. The style is now mature; the author has perfected his instrument, and gained the entire command of it; and freedom, ease, lightness, force, and brilliancy are its characteristics. Mr. Disraeli requires no longer to affect in these books an acquaintance with aristocratic society as in the days when 'Vivian Grey' was on the anvil; he knows it familiarly, and what his eye has seen his pen describes. The Upper Ten have no call to thank him for this gallery of aristocratic portraits, for he has not flattered. He pours out all the vials of his scorn upon the splendid misery and painted hollowness of fashionable life. Aristocratic blue-stockings are nowhere so imbecile as in his pages; duchess gamblers are nowhere struck off with a touch so fiercely contemptuous. He prints the tattle of the saloons which people sell themselves body and soul to get into, and the cawings of a rookery could scarce have less articulate human sense. He unmasks titled and aced intriguers, Whig and Tory, with impatient and relentless hand, and shows how grandeur can freeze up the milk of human kindness and turn the heart to stone. His theory of English history is that the ancient constitution of England, in which the king and the people were both free, was subverted by the Whig and Tory families, and replaced by an oligarchy on the old Venetian model. The Tory party, for Mr. Disraeli, was always the party of Bolingbroke and his friends,

whose grand aim was to strengthen the crown. To form a coalition between the crown and the people was an early notion of Mr. Disraeli's. In this sense he has never scrupled to maintain 'the just claims'—these are his words—of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country. He distinctly affirms that 'Coningsby' was written to make good this claim. The Toryism of his books, therefore, has always been a kind of Tory-Radicalism, and in 'Sybil' Toryism and Chartism shake hands. If he has been inconsistent as a Parliamentary Reformer, the inconsistency lay in abandoning or putting in abeyance the ultra-popular principles which find expression in his works. To have carried household suffrage is to have returned to his early views and his published professions. Whether his theory of a patriot king, supported by the people, and keeping the oligarchy at bay, will ever be more than what it was for Bolingbroke—a dream—we do not undertake to say. Another opinion, brilliantly enunciated and defended in these books, is that youth is the time for great and successful effort, and that young men are the moving force in the State. When youth and genius meet, he pronounces the combination divine. He dwells always with fond and earnest emphasis on the superb qualities and magnificent power and prosperity of the Hebrew race. Amid the mingled tribes of the West they retain, he says, the best and noblest blood of the far East, and are as superior to their Gentile oppressors as the pure staghound is to the mongrel cur. The religion of Christendom he evidently regards as a modification or expansion of Judaism, and has a word of profound reverence for the Church of Rome because it is 'Hebræo-Christian.'

It would lead us very far to enter upon an examination of these multitudinous and astonishing ideas. The character of Mr. Disraeli's mind is intense, daring, and original; he rejoices in magnificent generalisations, in vast speculative conceptions. As compared with Mr. Gladstone, he lacks moral fervour and steadfast

conscientiousness; but his morose and rancorous censors do him gross injustice; and if they would only open their eyes and their hearts to what is good in his writings, they

could not but perceive that they have soft and sunny places, warm with the ruddy light of noble intelligence, and soft with the dews of feeling.

TO A BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

WHEN first I knew thee, Mirabel,
Thy cheek with Nature's roses glowed,
The golden locks I loved so well
In unadorned luxuriance flowed;
Thy gentle eyes of heaven's own hue
Throw glances innocent of art,
And mirrored in their depths of blue
Each movement of thy guileless heart.

But all is changed now, Mirabel,—
That piled-up hair, those clust'ring curls,
With store of borrowed tresses swell
That once were some poor peasant girl's;
The stain of carmine ill supplies
The banished grace of blushes red;
And where truth only lit thine eyes
False belladonna gleams instead.

When first I loved thee, Mirabel,
And for my love no favour found,
My heart sustained the anguish fell
Of what I deemed a deadly wound;
But since I've seen thine every charm
Debased into a painted lie,
I feel my heart is healed from harm,
And bid my pain and thee good-bye.



MAY IN TOWN.

IN streets as in the country lanes—
 In London as amidst the clover—
 She comes to banish April rains,
 And say the wintry times are over.
 The blossoms and the buds of May
 Are not alone for Covent Garden:
 Our Cockney parks are looking gay,
 And Rotten Row is green as Arden.

My Lady sees the spring arrive,
 And thinks the object of it only
 To decorate her daily drive,
 Which winter made so chill and lonely.
 What leisure can my Lady find
 For Nature and for Nature's beauties?—
 She has 'the season' on her mind:
 Dress—dancing—and her other duties.

'The season!' What a host of things,
 For admiration and derision,
 That comprehensive title brings
 At once before the mental vision.
 At once the brief but busy time
 Unrolls its motley panorama;—
 The Church—the State—the fashions—crime—
 Books—painting—music—and the drama.

The Irish Church begins to shake;—
 Our own is in a queer position.
 How rash we were to undertake
 The Abyssinian expedition!
 So Livingstone is safe and sound,—
 The Laureate's last is not so clever.
 Pray where on earth has Mario found
 The voice we thought was lost for ever?

The Prince of Wales, the news from France,
 The reigning *belle*, the Derby winner—
 May fill the pauses of a dance,
 Or check the dullness of a dinner.
 In dancing or in dining, mind,—
 However great may be the topic—
 I think you generally find
 The conversation microscopic.

And little talk—whate'er the themes—
 Is most unutterably dreary.
 What wonder that my Lady seems
 A little—just a little weary?
 But will my Lady seek repose
 When all the noise of town is over?
Tout au contraire; my Lady goes
 To—somewhere noisy, *à* Dover.

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FASHION AT LONGCHAMPS.

IN England there is a kind of tradition that during the latter half of Holy Week, just as the trees are bursting into leaf, the birds breaking out in song, and the spring flowers are in full bloom—at what is called the promenade of Longchamps, a century and a half old custom with the Parisians, the women of Paris set the fashions for all the world for the current year. Formerly, no doubt, this was the case when every woman pretending to follow the mode, servilely wore one form of bonnet, one style of robe, one class of chausure, and one kind of coiffure, no matter what her figure and complexion might chance to be. Now-a-days, Fashion, though sufficiently exacting, does not insist on the same obsequious obedience to her behests: she creates that which pleases and that which charms, and in the plenitude of her inventions affords every opportunity to her votaries to follow the dictates of their own taste and fancy. They can array themselves in a costume Pompadour or Empire; in a robe Imperatrice, Princesse, or à deux jupes, courte or à queue, à des basques, or en tablier. So far as the towering chignon—'Excelsior' might be its name, for, except when the 'back hair' is allowed to fall in cascades of curls down the neck or float unrestrained to the waist or 'à la sortie de l'eau,' as it is termed, it is ever rising higher and higher, reminding one of the time when, as Montesquieu grotesquely observes in his 'Persian Letters,' 'the immense height of the coiffure placed the face of a woman in the midst of herself; at another time it was the feet which occupied this place, for the high heels were a kind of pedestal which poised a woman in the air.' So far as the towering chignon will allow them, the belles of the present day can enhance their charms by a chapeau à la Trianon, or diadème, can encircle their slim waists with a ceinture flottante, or à écharpe

nouée, conceal their graceful necks with a fichu Marie-Antoinette, and encase their tiny feet in bottines à mi jambes or souliers with talons Louis quinze.

The origin of this Easter promenade of Longchamps is somewhat curious. In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., nearly a score of years before France, recovering from the delour in which she plunged herself when he lay sick and like to die at Metz, had conferred upon him the endearing epithet of 'well-beloved,' a charming singer of the French opéra, one Mlle. Le Maure, suddenly abandoned the stage to take the veil at the fashionable abbey of Longchamps. In renouncing the theatre and all its vanities, however, she surrendered none of her passion for music; and at matins and vespers her sweet voice, combined with her marvellous powers of execution, enthralled all listeners. Parisian élégants who had idolized her at the Grand Opéra, glad of some opportunity for distraction, followed her to the Church of Our Lady of Humility at Longchamps; and so elated was the abbess at the crowd of distinguished devotees attracted by the singing of the newly-admitted sister, that she ransacked Paris for fine voices—giving preference, however, to public singers—to swell the abbey choir during the religious festivals of Holy Week. No wonder that people acquired the habit of going to Longchamps on these occasions—a habit which seems to have been sufficiently strong to have outlived the cause from which it arose: for when the Archbishop of Paris, scandalized by these almost theatrical performances, issued orders for the closing of the abbey church, the promenade went on the same as usual. The grand monde had taken the custom under its protection—it afforded such a favourable opportunity for inaugurating the fashions of the impending spring. At this tournament of toilettes—this battle

of beauties, one saw the court from Versailles and the *élite* of the capital; all the great lords and ladies, together with foreigners of distinction, farmers of the revenue as rich as Croesus, *petits-mâitres* and reigning queens of the *demi-monde*—‘*les impures*’ as they were styled in that more outspoken age, ‘*ces dames*’ as we delicately designate them now—defile for three successive days beneath the budding chestnuts of the Avenue de Longchamps. The women, as a matter of course, entered into the spirit of the affair with far more ardour than the men. There might be seen, pitting themselves, as it were, against each other, all the reigning and many of the deposed beauties of the capital, arrayed in the most magnificent toilettes and with the richest equipages. The contest between ‘*ces dames*’ was most severe, and victory naturally remained with those who had the richest and largest circle of admirers willing to sacrifice their fortunes for a few mercenary smiles.

Exactly a century ago, when the gloomy Passion Week was illumined, as it were, by the loveliest spring sunshine, La Guimard, a famous dancer at the Opéra, then in the zenith of her fame—who admitted no one to her private receptions who had not been previously presented at court, and had already ruined a hundred marquises and brought to the verge of bankruptcy one of the richest *fermiers-général*—richer, in fact, than a hundred marquises; who counted dukes and princes among her most persevering admirers, including even the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Soubise—drove along the avenue of Longchamps in a carriage, or rather a car, ‘worthy,’ says a newspaper of the time, ‘of containing the exquisite graces of the modern Terpsichore.’ Nothing was wanting to that elegant equipage—neither the most high-mettled and splendid horses, nor the prettiest paintings on the panels of the car, nor crowds of attendant enthusiastic admirers—nothing was wanting, not even a coat of arms for the low-born

beauty. In the centre of the scutcheon was seen a golden mark whence issued a mistletoe; the Graces acted as supporters, and young Loves crowned the shield by way of crest.

Parenthetically, one may remark that La Guimard, who was excessively thin, went by the name of ‘The Spider’ among envious fellow-figurantes, and Sophie Arnould, the famous singer, who entered the world through a celebrated door as she used to say—having been born in the room where the Admiral de Coligny was assassinated during the St. Bartholomew massacre, and where the beautiful Duchess of Montbazon died, and at whose *début* at the Grand Opéra people so struggled to obtain places that Fréron said he doubted whether they would have given themselves the same amount of trouble to get admitted into Paradise—Sophie Arnould, in allusion to La Guimard’s extreme slimmness and the immense sums which her admirers lavished upon her, used spitefully to say, ‘I can’t conceive why that little silkworm should look half-starved when she feeds on such rich leaves.’ La Guimard was extravagant in everything, even in her charity. One severe winter’s morning she sallied forth alone, and mounting up to all the garrets in the neighbourhood, gave away no less than eight thousand francs. This act of hers, like most of the other and less reputable acts of her life, got talked about, and some preacher alluded to it in his sermon. ‘If she is not yet the penitent Magdalen,’ said he, ‘she is still the charitable Magdalen. The hand that performs such acts as these will not be disregarded by St. Peter when it knocks at the gate of heaven.’

At a subsequent promenade of Longchamps the Duchesse de Valentinois, determined that ‘*ces dames*’ should not have it all their own way, and made her appearance positively in a carriage of porcelain drawn by four dapple-grey horses harnessed with crimson silk richly embroidered and mounted with silver. The royal horses were

caparisoned with marcasite, and among the crowd of vehicles were elegant berlines with corkscrew springs or à la Polignac (Marie-Antoinette's celebrated favourite), lined with rich Genoa velvet, trois-quarts à la Française, and puce-coloured carriages à l'Anglaise, with backs of gold brocade and magnificent hammer-cloths. The Revolution swept all these vanities away; and it was not until the tribune and the guillotine had run their course, and luxury was again in the ascendant, that the promenade of Longchamps flourished anew.

Vehicles of an entirely new class then circulated along the famous avenue. It was no longer the heavy berline of the Monarchy, but the more rapid curricie and carrick of the Revolution, impulsive as the new ideas of the epoch, which swept all before them—curricies weighing next to nothing, which rattled along post haste, and upset in the twinkling of an eye; cabriolets, the detestation of Louis XV., who said were he only lieutenant of police for a single day he would put them down; phaetons, vis-à-vis, demi-fortunes, and soufflets, all striving to pass the others, and, failing this, to crush its neighbour. All at once a team of bays, harnessed to a boxie constructed of polished wood and the finest iron, and decorated with an ornamental open railing, dashes through the clouds of dust: this is, however, speedily outstripped by a carrick, a light Irish vehicle, drawn by a light horse, minus tail and ears (to reduce, we suppose, the weight he has to carry), lightly driven by a young gentleman of light weight. The vehicles in double file go and return, cross each other, and come into collision; the 'agreeables,' it seems, having vowed to cut into and hustle the eight hundred Paris fiacres, which do anything but contribute to the elegance of the fête. It is the era of the classic revival, and the beauties of the Directory, with Madame Tallien at their head, are here seen in robes Grecques and Romaines, à la Flore, Diane, Omphale, Vestale, and au lever de

l'Aurore; tuniques à la Cérés and Minerve, and redingotes à la Galathée. The chapeaux in vogue are the Primerose, fastened negligently with wide lace strings across the breast, much after the fashion of the present day, the chapeau turban, rond à l'Anglaise, à la glanense spencer, and en castor. The chevelure blonde in all its various shades, from rich golden to a nut-brown tint, from flaxen to auburn and positive red, with its rows of little curls falling over the forehead to the very eyebrows, has again come into favour. The feet of these beauties, which indoors they usually display naked, the toes encircled with gold rings, and the ankles ornamented with jewelled sandals, are encased in light, brilliant-coloured buskins, decorated with coquettish-looking tassels and rosettes.

Conveying certain masculine Dulcineas, who are secured to their saddles with strong girths and good Hungary straps, come the Anglo-cavalcadours caracoling along—improvised cavaliers more confident than skilful, who shout to each other as they pass 'Weri-woel,' the cant salutation of the day. On a sudden a flourish of trumpets is heard, announcing the circus rider, Franconi, with his band of musicians in a vast gondola on wheels, and following whom are his entire troupe on horseback. No sooner have they defiled past, than in the midst of a string of elegant vehicles is seen a rotten-looking chest, patched all over with pieces, and suspended by cords fastened and refastened in at least twenty places, and which is dragged along with difficulty by half a dozen sorry horses, mere shadows of Rosinantes, who sweat and stumble at every step. Inside this chest are squeezed six living skeletons, the very pictures of sadness and misery, and on the outside is inscribed, in large letters, 'Chariot of the fundholders.' The fête would hardly have been French without its epigram, which made people laugh, though it afforded the public creditor but sparse consolation.

To-day the Longchamps promenade is largely shorn of its former attractions. It is no longer a réunion of the grand monde; the Parisian bourgeoisie, indeed, have made the fête their own. Good Friday being a general holiday, they muster in the Bois de Boulogne in force, and profit by the occasion to advertise their wares on the outside of vehicles, drawn at times by as many as six horses, which rattle up and down the Champs Elysées, and hover round the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, the charmed circle of which they are forbidden to enter. Many of these vehicles are of the most extravagant shapes. One resembling a huge mustard-pot advertised the 'Moutarde Bordin;' another in the form of a monster pipkin was inscribed with the words 'Oignon Brulé;' while a third, which was little more than a large chest on wheels, was placarded over with announcements of the 'Insecticide Vicat.' This year the promenade was less well attended and less exciting than usual, which may be ascribed to the weather, which, unlike that genial sunshiny day on which La Guimard burst forth in all her glory, was bitterly cold, the few gleams of sunshine being disagreeably varied with falls of snow and smart showers of rain. The monde élégant came to the trysting-place with red noses and chattering teeth, and wrapped for the most part in velvets and furs; only a few daring beauties were more lightly clad. Spring chapeaux were by no means numerous, and spring robes were certainly less so.

The real spring bonnet, I do not believe, is yet born, or, if it is, it has not been decisively accepted. There is the fanchon reduced down to a strip or two of satin ribbon trimmed with a yard or so of lace, including the strings, with its lace veil and a single flower, commonly a rose posed at the left side. Frequently it is entirely of lace or tulle, or some similar light material, with a row of flower-buds ranged along the front, and falling down, perhaps, at one side, and with a full-blown flower on the left side, perched, as

it were, in the air. Occasionally there will be a satin bow or rosette towards the front, at the back, or at the top of the bonnet, if that which is almost as flat as a pancake can be said to have any top. A navy could completely cover a chapeau of this class with his open hand; and yet it would appear to be too large for certain tastes, as there are Parisian belles who prefer a mere lace coiffure. It is evident that the time is drawing nigh, when all that will be left of the chapeau will be the milliner's bill.

Then there is the chapeau diadème, which, being worn forward on the forehead, adapts itself to the exigencies of the tall chignon, and on that account finds favour with those who adhere to this style of coiffure. In front is a diadem formed of stars, or studs, or drops of jet, of a band of burnished steel and gold, of a wreath of flowers or buds, or of roses delicately formed of mother-of-pearl, or of a series of small bows posed sideways, alternated with puffs of tulle dotted with glass beads. We observed a chapeau of this class composed of a mere band of rose-colour velvet, slightly pointed towards the centre, and surmounted with four narrow pipings of similar velvet. In the middle of this band was perched a humming-bird of brilliant plumage. Another rose-colour chapeau was of tulle, with what is styled the 'diadem' of plaited taffeta hung all over with small gold chains in tiny festoons: at the left side was a tuft of marabout feathers, springing from coques of rose-colour taffeta, also festooned with a gold chain. A fringe of feathers ornamented the back of the chapeau.

Another form of bonnet, born of the bygone autumn, but still making energetic efforts to struggle into public favour, is the Trianon, with a crown something less than an inch in depth, and a perfectly flat rim rather more than an inch wide. It resembles a very low-crown sailor's hat, with an extremely narrow rim, cut in two, of which the posterior portion is sacrificed for the benefit of the chignon. These chapeaux

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are trimmed in much the same style as those already described, with this exception, they are never complete without a bow in front, or behind, or in the centre of the crown. When there is no bow in front, it will generally be wreathed with flowers—purple heartsease on yellow tulle or satin, or yellow heartsease on mauve or violet velvet, brilliant carnations on black straw covered with lace, bouquets of violets on white tulle, or white satin trimmed with a green piping, tiny damask rosebuds on black or brown lace, ears of barley dotted with glass beads on light-blue velvet bands, golden buttercups on folds of black lace, and flowerbuds and fruit blossoms of every shape and hue posed on lace, tulle, velvet, satin, or straw of some appropriate shade of colour, with a full-blown flower usually on the left side.

Next there is the *chapeau bourrelet* of fancy straw, with the rim rolled back, and occasionally bound with ribbon of the same tint, ranging from the palest maize up to a rich golden brown, or with cerise or light maroon. Any of these bonnets may be trimmed in front with a single row of wheat ears, culminating, perhaps, in a cluster at the left side. Those of yellow straw occasionally have a bunch of corn flowers in lieu of the cluster of wheat ears, and some are wreathed with small yellow rosebuds, or Parmese violets, in preference to ears of corn.

Attempts are being made to introduce a *chapeau* of the antique model—that is to say, the antique of eight or ten years ago—but of the smallest possible dimensions, so as not entirely to outrage present taste. The rim points upwards in a vertical direction from the crown, admitting almost of a perfect *parterre* of flowers being displayed in the inside. The few *chapeaux* of this character, however, which we have noticed, have been trimmed with feathers only on the outside.

If we sum up the *chapeau* at present in vogue at the headquarters of fashion, this is the result. First of all, it must be very

small—the shape is an affair of minor importance; the size—or rather the deficiency of size—is everything. Secondly, it must have what is termed a diadem in front, which may be either of metal, jet, flowers, buds or blossoms, ribbon, lace or tulle, provided they be puffed. Thirdly, if a flower—the rose has the preference, remember—or a few ears of corn, or a tuft of feathers, or some fancy grass in which a metallic dragonfly or grasshopper will be occasionally half hidden, be posed on the left side, it should rise usually above the highest part of the bonnet. Fourthly, bows or rosettes may be worn almost anywhere outside the *chapeau*, and also to secure the strings when a flowerbud is not used for this purpose. Fifthly, metal ornaments, except those of a greenish golden tinge—and even these but sparingly—are no longer worn. Sixthly, that lace strings, with a veil to correspond, may be said to be indispensable.

As regards robes, the robe *courte* has attained its utmost degree of shortness, so as to display at times the petit cols and tassels of the *botines à mi jambes*, and though it will always be in favour for *toilettes de promenade*, it is quite certain that our Parisian *élégantes*, or our *modistes*—and they are perhaps the most powerful of the two—are bent upon making the robe à queue the *haute mode*. No one can question the grace, the elegance, and, one may say, the dignity of this costume, which being adapted only to persons of large means, is certain to preserve its character of exclusiveness. Even robes *du matin* are now made of the richest materials, and à queue. For *toilettes de visite*, the robe à queue is made slanting off from the waist, and is bordered with a *ruche*, or an elegant leaf-shaped trimming of ribbon, finished with a fine silk fringe; the front part of the skirt, which is usually of a lighter shade, and forms a simulated under jupe, being trimmed all the way up with bands of satin ribbon, decreasing in length as they approach the waist. Frequently the

train will be cut into a bold leaf-shape pattern round the edge, and be bound with piping, and more or less embroidered with silk or jet beads. If the corsage is made low, a fichu Marie-Antoinette will be worn crossed over the breast, and with the long ends falling down the back of the robe after being fastened at the waist behind. For a toilette de soirée over the robe à queue of some light colour satin, a rich white lace upper jupe, short in front and taking the form of the queue behind, will be worn; over this again, at the back of the robe, will be disposed a series of embroidered basques, falling one over the other, bordered with plaited ribbon, and of the same material as the robe itself. In front hangs a tablier, trimmed with a double ruche of ribbon, placed some distance apart, the intervening space being richly embroidered. The corsage is low, and the sleeves short. A toilette de promenade à queue is of violet-colour silk, with four large bows with long ends, finished off with silk fringe, arranged at equal distances round the bottom of the skirt; the corsage is entirely concealed by a cape, bordered with fringe, which reaches to the waist, where it is fastened behind with a large bow. Over this cape falls a small pointed hood, terminating in a tassel which hangs level with the waist. This costume is particularly rich and elegant in silk of some delicate shade, when trimmed at the lower part of the skirt with a deep border of white lace, spangled over with glass beads, and with a narrower lace border round the bottom of the cape. Another style of toilette de promenade is in mauve-colour taffeta, à queue and en tablier, bordered all round with a satin band of a deeper shade, varied with narrow stripes of black velvet. The hindmost portion of the robe overlaps, as it were, the front on either side to within about a dozen inches of the bottom, where the robe is sloped away both in front and towards the queue, so as to show the deep ruche of a white cambric jupon, which has a singu-

larly fresh and piquant look after the coloured jupons with which we have been so long familiar. The corsage, consisting of a berthia, is, together with the tablier and the long ends of the ceinture écharpe, trimmed with a dark mauve and black silk fringe; long silk tassels fall from this berthia over the centre of the large bow which fastens the sash. This style of costume, comprising alike the queue—which, by-the-way, can be so arranged as to be looped up at pleasure—the tablier, the ceinture écharpe nouée, and the light jupon with a very deep ruche, promises to be the mode during the present season, in such light materials as poulte-de-soie, faye, foulard, mohair, and piqué; the jupon commonly being white, with stripes of some breadth of a light bright colour, when it is not plaited.

Toilettes de réception à la Pompadour—possibly one of the most elegant of feminine costumes, named after the Marchioness *par excellence* of the eighteenth century, the beautiful, brilliant, gay, coquetish, charming, abandoned woman, who, spite of the Salic law, sat for twenty years on the throne of France, after ensnaring Louis XV. during his hunting expeditions in the neighbourhood of her husband's château in the forest of Senart, where she was continually chasing the royal hunter; one day bursting upon his astonished sight seated in a rose-coloured phaeton, drawn by the most beautiful horses, and arrayed in an azure robe; and on another occasion dressed in rose colour, in an azure phaeton—the toilette de réception à la Pompadour consists of an open robe, of some delicate shade of shot silk, with a long train, trimmed or embroidered at the edges with a bold floral or leaf-shaped pattern, and an under jupe, also of shot silk, but several shades lighter than the robe, trimmed with three or four rows of rich white lace. A ceinture écharpe, also of lace, partially raised and supports the train about half-way down the figure, leaving only a moderate length to trail upon the ground. The corsage is decolleté

of course; but a lace chemisette can be called into requisition to 'half conceal and half reveal the beauties it is meant to hide.' As regards ball dresses, the corsage of these is little more than a dream: it exists in name and a narrow strip of lace, and there certainly are women who consider this sufficient—and possibly it might be so, if it were only decorously worn; but with them the splendour of the shoulders has to compensate for the deterioration of the face. Whatever is deficient in the corsage is unquestionably more than compensated for in the dimensions of the skirts, which are of an amplitude and a length passing all reasonable bounds.

The chief characteristic of the spring paletot is its being closed tightly at the waist; the loose pardessus is almost entirely discarded. The paletots Watteau and Marie-Antoinette, and the casaque or 'rotonde' Louis Quinze, are those about which Parisian modistes are just now raving. The first is a very ordinary-looking jaquette,—made to fit the figure and secured tightly at the waist with a broad belt—with rather long skirts, usually pointed at either side, utterly unlike, by the way, any one of the light and loose-fitting garments, in which Watteau, with his *spirituel* palette, delighted to robe his charming heroines. The second takes its name from the eternal fichu which, *par parenthèse*, obtained its name in a curious manner. The 'fichu' proper, introduced by Marie-Antoinette, not before the décolletée style of toilette made it positively necessary, was nothing more than a lace kerchief worn crossed over the shoulders. Of course immediately it was countenanced by the queen all the ladies of the court followed her example, much to the dissatisfaction of the *gardes-des-corps*, whose duties were to stand behind these ladies' chairs during the performances at the Versailles theatre. 'Fichu,' it should be remembered, is an opprobrious sort of term, and one of these *militaires*, unable to restrain the expression of his feelings at what he regarded

as an innovation, observed aside to a comrade, 'Confound these "fichu" things which hide what we all like to see!' The expression was repeated, and the lace kerchief was ever afterwards known by the term which had been applied to it, in a moment of indignation, by the disappointed *garde-du-corps*.

To return, however, to the paletot Marie-Antoinette, the distinguishing feature of which is, as we have said, the 'fichu' bordered with lace and crossed upon the breast, and, moreover, recrossed behind upon the skirt of the paletot. A belt encircles the waist, and encloses the fichu, both before and behind, within its limits. The casaque or 'rotonde' Louis quinze in certain cases loosely fits the figure—in others it is carefully adapted to the shape like the paletots just described. Its distinguishing characteristic appears to be certain large rosettes at the upper part of the opening on either side, and at the back of the neck, or, where the garment adapts itself closely to the figure, at the back of the waist; these rosettes have usually a couple of small fringed pates hanging from them.

The Empress Eugénie is supposed to regulate the mode over here, but she does so in a very slight degree. It is those modistes with the most *distinguée* and wealthy *clientèle* to whom we are indebted for the thousand and one vagaries of fashion, only some half-score of which survive the day of their birth and flourish in full vigour. A newspaper correspondent present at a recent Tuileries reception observes that, chancing to lower his eyes, he noticed the Empress wore a shorter train than usual, whereupon he reasons that the robe courte will be the coming mode. Another remarks that in abandoning crinoline the Empress has had recourse to a *tournure*; and a third even insinuates she has a partiality for hoops, and that consequently hoops are to be the 'only wear.' Do not believe a word of it, and more especially that the robe courte is likely to supplant the robe à queue. Over here, what, in the cant phraseology of the day, is styled the 'unbridled extrava-

gance of women' has survived the philippics of the late procureur-général Dupin, the pictorial satires of Cham and Bertall, the feeble onslaughts of a thousand and one chroniqueurs, and more recently the biting sarcasms of Monseigneur Mermillod, Bishop of Geneva, in his sermon at St. Clotilde. In England too, though it may flinch at the attacks of certain Saturday censors, it will certainly never succumb to them. Do these said censors imagine because they are so supremely virtuous, that there is to be 'no more cakes and ale,' no more robes à queue, or à deux jupes, or corsages in the least degree décolleté; that there is to be an end to rouge and pearl powder, to artificially tinted carmine lips, painted eyebrows and lashes, and lids shaded with the delicatest ethereal blue; that blonde beauties will nevermore

bronze their complexions, dye their hair of the approved Bismarck, or Russia leather shade, or powder it with gold? From the days of Jezebel to the present, women have been constantly addicted to these vanities, and the hour and the man have not yet come to put an end to them.

Besides, why should not women make themselves harmlessly attractive after their own fashion? We teach them that they live for this, and besides you are not compelled to approve their fashion, or even to admire them unless you please. If there is truth in the principles of political economy, and the demand creates the supply, it is we, rather than they, who are responsible for these artifices of the toilette, which it is just now so much the fashion with public writers to condemn.

CHARADE.

I.

THOUGH it come from the land and be fashioned by man,
The sun and the moon will attest
That the sea and the river encompass my First,
Of feminine gender confessed.

II.

Though it spring with the steed over hurdle and fence,
All nations and tongues do proclaim
That my Second exists in the white man and black,
Yet is not in either the same.

III.

Though my Whole may disclose a struggle in life,
And marvellous sinew and bone,
It touches not earth but disports in the air,
And lives upon water alone.

Putney, 4th April, 1868.

A. M.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY GAMES IN 1868.

'PLEASE, sir, buy a rosette. Dark Blue twopence; Light Blue a penny,' was the appeal that greeted me as I walked down the Fulham Road on the third of April last. Why the poor girl, who was thus endeavouring to earn an honest penny, should have shown so decided a preference for the Dark Blue, I could not imagine, unless the fact of Oxford's seven years' triumph at Putney was sufficient cause. Possibly she found that she thereby drove a better trade, inasmuch as the indifferent citizen of London, who has not the remotest connection with either University, prefers to be on the winning side as long as possible, and so wears the colours of the last victor, until he in his turn suffers defeat. Certain it is, however, that not only my friend, but many other itinerant vendors of the 'blues,' found the light colour a less merchantable commodity than the dark, on this and the following days.

By the way, I felt rather melancholy as I sauntered down to Beaufort House, for I remembered that when you, kind reader, and I parted last year, we both agreed that the authorities would yield, and that one or other 'Alma mater,' probably the city of spires, would be the scene of those glorious struggles, to witness which so many of us take our annual pilgrimage. But no! Stern done—and perhaps, for all we know, wiser judgments than ours—have decreed it otherwise, and so we pilgrims are deprived of a pleasant trip, and the meeting is shorn of, to my mind, its best distinctive feature.

However, while the games are held in London, I for one do my best to enjoy them; and no small part of my pleasure consists in watching and listening to the various groups of 'Varsity men who pass me by with quicker steps, or who impede my progress by stopping to speculate *media viâ*. One and all afford me food for amusement and meditation, from the boyish freshman of two terms or

less residence, who talks loudly—nay, almost shouts—in the exuberance of his youthful spirits, to the stern old don (of whom I saw not a few) who, like myself, make remarks in a quiet undertone, and wonder, with a feeling almost akin to regret, whether one of these boys—for they are boys—ever heard that we rowed head, or bowled three wickets in one over, or did a mile under—Well, our time was not quite so good in those days, perhaps, but then watches do vary so!

If I go rambling on like this, I shall never get to the scratch, much less to the winning-post of the last event; so I must at once proceed to strip and go hard at it, to describe as well as I can something of what I saw, and heard, and envied on the third of April last; and I hope that some few true blues far away in other lands, where 'London Society,' however, sheds a friendly light, will believe that more than half my pleasure consists in feeling that they at least will like to read even a poor account of feats which we old ones love to witness, though we can no longer emulate them.

There are few who have watched athletics with the keen interest with which I have; and few indeed who have sufficiently vivid athletic memory to recall without difficulty the exploits of Wilkinson, Collins, Jones, Stephen, Flintoff, Mason, and Edwards, much more the victories of Astley, Bathurst, and Burnett.

'Card, gentlemen?' shrieked the boy; and so I bought one, if only to stop his voice for a moment, while he produced by a tardy process my change, longing all the while for me to say that he might keep it. The programme in its details is the same as last year, save that the two-mile race is changed to three miles. Another mile more would have been, to my mind, a further improvement, but still it is a step in the right direction. The order of the events I need not here specify, as they will appear in their proper place in my narrative. For the arrangements of the ground I can only say that

they showed such improvements over former years as are sure to suggest themselves as we live and learn athletics. It may, perhaps, render my description of the several races clearer if I give a short description of the shape of the ground. The actual path itself is a few yards over one-third of a mile, and consists of two comparatively straight pieces of about 160 yards each, and two curved ends joining them of about 130. No part of the path, except about 120 yards on one side, is really straight, and the whole, therefore, forms a kind of flattened oval. The path was in fair order on the inside; but no part of it was really first-rate, or, in fact, to be compared with the Oxford or Cambridge grounds.

The third of April, on which the games were held, was a glorious day. Blue above, and blue below; scarcely a cloud in the sky, and the air having that fresh warm feeling of a true spring day. The ground was literally thronged with spectators, and such a display of blue has never been brought together for an athletic meeting before; and as, at a few minutes before two, I stood waiting for the high jump to begin, the contrast between Beaufort House of 1868, and Christ Church Ground in 1864, or Fenner's in 1865, came across my mind with singular force.

The hour had scarcely struck when the four high jumpers entered the enclosure, and the sports really began. For Oxford there appeared F. W. Parsons, of Magdalen, and F. S. O'Grady, of St. John's, both of whom jumped for their University last year, and Parsons in 1866 also. Cambridge was represented by the veteran C. E. Green, of Trinity, and a new champion, in the person of G. Hoare, of Trinity also. The high jump, in the Oxford 'Varsity Games, was won by Parsons with 5 feet 6 inches; O'Grady being second at 5 feet 5 inches. At Cambridge, however, Green and Hoare both cleared 5 feet 8½ inches, from soft turf, and the consequence was that the Cantabs' chance was much fancied.

The bar was placed at 4 feet 10 inches, which all cleared easily;

and it was then raised, two inches at a time, to 5 feet 4 inches, which height they all again cleared; but to the surprise of every one, and perhaps of none more than himself, the great C. E. Green failed to clear 5 feet 6 inches. Parsons and Hoare were unable to jump 5 feet 7 inches, which height O'Grady alone cleared, whereby he scored the first event for Oxford, and the victory was received by the usual Dark Blue cheers.

I really feel disposed to congratulate myself on what I said of O'Grady in 'London Society' last year. That he won very cleverly this year no one will deny, for he only once touched the bar in the course of the contest; and when it was raised to 5 feet 8 inches, he cleared that height with his feet, but unfortunately tipped the bar in coming down with his body. Parsons jumped well; and Hoare, despite his small stature, and the comparatively heavy weight he has to carry, is a wonderful jumper. C. E. Green was out of all form, and in my opinion, judging from his inability at times to rise at the bar, he was very short of practice indeed; and every jumper knows how essential practice is for high jumping. I hope no University champions ever venture to throw the smallest chance away; for though these games are at present comparatively young institutions, the time will come when every victory will be counted up with little less eagerness than those of Mortlake and Lord's.

Scarcely had O'Grady made his last attempt, when the five mile horses took their preliminaries on the course. While they are so doing let us remember a few of their previous performances, for the race they have to run will be a grand one, if they come up to their early promise. Cambridge ran W. C. Gibbs, of Jesus, who ran for her unsuccessfully last year. It will be remembered that he won a handicap in 1867 in 4 min. 36 sec., and still better, his University Mile this year in 4 min. 33 sec. The second horse of the Light Blue was H. P. Gurney, of Clare, who ran third to Gibbs and Royds this year at Cambridge. Oxford was represented by even

more renowned champions, viz., W. P. Bowman, of University, who ran second to Lawes in the Amateur Champion in 1866, and after rowing bow in his 'Varsity boat last year, distinguished himself by pulling off numerous mile and half-mile handicaps this spring at Oxford, and finished by winning his 'Varsity mile with Scott and Laing behind him in 4 min. 46 sec. S. G. Scott, of Magdalen, all will remember as winner of last year's Inter-Varsity and Amateur Champion miles, the former in 4 min. 41 sec.; he ran second to Bowman in the Oxford Mile this year.

Lastly, the Dark Blue was worn by J. W. Laing, of Christchurch, the hero of 1866, and who has won more races than any amateur of the present day (P. M. Thornton only excepted). Laing, I believe, was out of form at the time of the Oxford Games; at any rate he never got near his proper place. From the foregoing statistics my readers will observe that from their trial the Cambridge men had 13 sec. to the good, though it was really somewhat less, when we take into account the quick times that are made on the Cambridge ground.

At the word 'Go,' Laing went off with a slight lead, followed by Bowman, Scott, and Gibbs close together, and Gurney last. The four leading men were all in a cluster, and so they ran for the first third of a mile, Gurney being gradually more and more outpaced. Throughout the second third of a mile Laing led, though never getting very far from the three others, at about half a mile Gibbs running into second place, but was again re-passed by Bowman before the end of the second lap. After running about one hundred yards of the last lap, Gibbs went to the front, and running very strong, gradually went away from Laing, and won by 25 yards in very first-rate style; 150 yards from home Bowman passed Laing, but in the straight, leading home, Laing re-passed him, and gained second place by 30 yards. Scott was fourth. The time was as near as could be 4 min. 30 sec., and it was, indeed, a wonderful performance, for Beaufort

House is by no means a fast mile ground.

Gibbs showed himself a runner of most undeniable quality and form; and though he will not, I fear, run much again, he will be a dangerous man to meet at any time. I hope, like some others, he will retire from violent exertion before he overdoes it, for, constitutionally, he cannot stand very much hard work. Laing ran very well, and is a fine strong runner, but would never get any very extraordinary mile pace. There is singularly little difference between him now and as we saw him in 1866 on the Christchurch ground. On heavy ground he is a most dangerous man, but he cannot do very good time, however light the path is. Bowman and Scott disappointed us, the latter especially, not being within several seconds of his last year's form.

After the excitement of the mile the spectators were rather glad of the reflective amusement of watching the hammer thrown. I need not now go into the details of the method of throwing, &c., which I have attempted in other years to describe. The Dark Blue was worn by T. Batson, of Lincoln, and W. A. Burgess, of Queen's, who were first and second at Oxford with 83 feet 11 inches and 88 feet 9 inches. For the Light Blue appeared H. Leek, of Trinity, a novice, but a good one, and J. R. Eyre, of Clare, the winner of last year. Leek won at Cambridge 94 feet 8 inches, being nearly 6 feet to the good over Oxford. There was a good deal of exciting throwing between Leek, Eyre, and Batson, until the last, with a fine, but not very straight throw, of 99 feet 6 inches, was declared the winner. Leek was second with 98 feet 8 inches, and Eyre third with 97 feet 2 inches, and Burgess last with 89 feet 10 inches. This competition was to an expert very interesting—to a mere outsider doubtless it seemed 'slow.' Before passing on I wish, with all deference, to make a few remarks on the method of judging employed. As far as I could see, two of the judges marked as nearly as they could the spot where the foot of the thrower at the time

of delivery was, and then, with a cord on which certain lengths were denoted, the distance from this spot to the throw was measured. Now, apart from the extreme difficulty of marking on plain turf the exact position of the footprints, it seemed to me most precarious to measure distances with a cord; for, use what care you will, you cannot always stretch a cord to exactly the same extent, and that is a serious matter when one comes to a question of 2 inches, as it was on this occasion. And again; why, in this competition alone, direction of a throw should be of no advantage, I am at a loss to conceive. Perhaps the University Committees have given the subject more consideration than I have, and may have reasons for adopting this method, for I do not believe that such a method of judging was chosen by judges of such experience as those who officiated on the day. Still I cannot see what can be better than to judge on the same system as in throwing the cricket ball and in putting the weight, *i.e.*, have a scratch of any length drawn on the ground; then let the hammer be delivered before the man crosses that scratch, and measure the length of the throw by letting fall a perpendicular from the place where the hammer pitches to that scratch. By having parallel lines at distances of 80, 85, 90, and 95 feet drawn on the ground, the exact value of a throw is estimated in a moment. I have paused too long on this subject, but I trust you will forgive me, kind reader, for I do regret that in these, our greatest sports, anything should depend on the stretching of a cord and the discovery of a difficult mark in the grass, or that a straight throw should have no advantage over a crooked one.

To resume, however: we gladly turn to the Hurdle Race. A good hurdle race is one of the most exciting races imaginable; the momentary pauses at each hurdle, which enable you from any distance to tell the position of each man, give it an additional charm to the spectator. There started for Oxford A. Hilliard, of Pembroke, who ran for his

third year, and L. E. Newnham, of Magdalen Hall, the Oxford first and second. Cambridge ran C. Pitt Taylor, of Trinity, and R. Fitzherbert, of John's, the latter for the second time. The times at the two Universities were very nearly the same. Pitt Taylor came out from the very first, and running throughout in almost perfect style, won with ease by 3 yards, Newnham being second, two feet in front of Hillyard. Fitzherbert, though he ran a dead heat with Pitt Taylor in the games at Cambridge, was never in it. No man in the race touched a single hurdle. The time was taken as 16½ sec., which is very fast, for the hurdles were all above the average. I regretted the absence of C. N. Jackson, of Magdalen Hall, who, but for lameness, would have run again for Oxford, and had he been in his last year's form, Pitt Taylor might perhaps have had to run even a little faster, but the latter is quite first-rate. Newnham (who also, by the way, comes out of the true hurdle stables) defeating Hillyard surprised me, though some, I believe, expected it. Pitt Taylor's style was much the best, though his was not very safe.

Immediately after the hurdles the course was cleared for the 100 yards, and the men trotted down to the start. The Light Blue sprinters were C. A. Absalom, of Trinity, and C. C. Corfe, of Jesus, who ran a dead heat at Cambridge. The Dark Blue, J. P. Tennent, of Wadham, and F. O. Philpott, of St. Edmund Hall. Corfe was the only old performer, he having run in 1867. After one false start they got away, Absalom having decidedly the best of it. At 40 yards he was leading by nearly 3, but seemed to tire almost to nothing before the finish, and Tennent coming with a magnificent rush, landed the Dark Blue by 2½ yards, from Absalom. Philpott was third, and I cannot help thinking that Corfe was impeded by the spectators leaning over the rope; at any rate he did not run as he usually does. Tennent is a wonderfully strong finisher, his rush being superior even to that of Pitman's last year. I do not feel justified in giving a

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decided opinion upon what I am really uninformed, but it certainly struck me, as a looker on, that Absolom could not stay the course. Whether such is the case, or whether it only happened to be so on the day, is more, of course, than I can say.

It was again with a feeling of relief that, after two such exciting races, we turned to see Putting the Weight, an event which, by the way, has never yet been won by Oxford; for whom her old representatives of last year, viz., T. Batson, of Lincoln, and W. R. Burgess, of Queen's, again appeared. Cambridge sent forth E. Waltham, of St. Peter's ('The Invincible'), and C. A. Absolom, 'the' 100 yards runner. Waltham scored, for the third time, an easy victory with 34 feet 3 inches, Absolom being 9 inches behind; Burgess was next, with 32 feet 11½ inches, and Batson close up, with 32 feet 8 inches. I did not think Waltham was in quite such good form as last year: he did not seem to get his body behind his throw or even to let his arm come free from his shoulder.

A great contest was looked for in the Quarter of a Mile Race, for the first two men at each University were great indeed. The Cantabs were J. H. Ridley, of Jesus, a freshman who went up last year, having already won the Amateur 100 yards, and Quarter of a Mile. He ran several races last autumn, the Open Race, at the Oxford University Games this year, and the Cambridge Quarter. We need hardly say he was a hot favourite. A. W. Lambert, of St. John's, the Cambridge second horse, was only one yard behind Ridley, in the 'Varsity Quarter, and had won several open races also. Nor were the Oxonians to be despised by any means. W. J. Frere, of Magdalen, ran a magnificent race (as will be remembered) for Oxford, last year, in the Inter-University Games, and he won the Oxford Quarter in splendid time this year. R. V. Somers-Smith, of Merton, ran a very good second to Frere, at Oxford, but we fancy he was stale on this occasion. The times at both Universities were much the same. After an uneven start, of which Lambert and Ridley had the best, Lambert made the pace hot for the

first 120 yards, Ridley lying second; coming round the bend, Frere came up, and Ridley at the same time passed Lambert; Frere had a slight lead of Ridley till they entered the straight, when the latter came out and, with his magnificent stride, went clear away from Frere and won by 3 yds. in 51 seconds; Lambert being the same distance behind Frere. The whole race was a most magnificent performance from first to last. Ridley proved himself to be the very best Quarter-mile amateur of the present day in England, and Frere is only second to him. Ridley has, I believe, never been beaten at the distance, and whenever he runs seems to have a little bit in hand. Lambert has a fine turn of speed, but a quarter of a mile is a little too far for him in such company; still he would squander most fields. Ridley's style of running reminded of F. G. Pelham in his finest form, when, as in 1866, after coolly biding his time, he came out at 300 yards, and ran to the end of the race as strong as at starting, with that grand striding style which seemed enough to cut down any one.

And now our programme is drawing to its close, and we have but two more events to chronicle. The last but one, the Broad Jump, was again hotly contested, reminding us of the Absolom and Maitland contest of last year. The Cambridge champions were the same as those for the Weight, viz., Waltham and the untiring Absolom, the Oxford A. C. Tosswill, of Oriel, and Philpott, the 100 yards runner. The Oxford Long Jump was 21 feet 4 inches, the Cambridge, 20 feet 7 inches, both first-class performances. Waltham, at his third attempt, made the really magnificent jump of 21 feet 1 inch, which was unsurpassed until, at his fifth attempt, Tosswill covered 21 feet 2½ inches. Waltham did his best for his three remaining tries, but it was no go: Absolom was third with 20 feet 1½ inch, and Philpott fourth. It is impossible to speak too highly of the excellence of this jumping, which spoke as much as anything of the wonderful advances made of late years in athletics. Waltham's

performance, looking at his weight, is very first class; and Tosswill has always been A 1 in broad jumping.

Lastly, we come to the Three Miles, *par excellence* the Blue Riband of the Meeting. It failed to produce a close contest, but it did produce one of the most magnificent exhibitions of running ever witnessed. The Dark Blue, in this the great event, was worn by J. H. Morgan, of Trinity, who ran third in the Two Miles last year, and ran right well, too; R. L. N. Michell, the plucky Two Mile winner of last year, and J. W. Fletcher, who also started in that race. The Light Blue flag was carried by E. Royds, of Trinity Hall, who was not far off the Mile in the Inter-Varsity Games last year; A. E. R. Micklefield, of St. John's, who ran in the Two Miles for Cambridge last year also, and the renowned G. G. Kennedy, of Trinity, last year's Four Mile champion. Five of the six competitors started for their University in the Two Miles last year and the sixth, Royds, ran in the Mile. Morgan won the Oxford 'Varsity 3 miles, in 15 minutes 39 seconds by 200 yards, from Michell; and Royds won the Cambridge race in 14 minutes 36 seconds being only 4 yards in front of Micklefield. It is unnecessary to stop to note any of the many races that these men have run—their names are too well known to need such reminders.

On starting, Morgan, Michell, and Fletcher ran in the order named, for two-thirds of a mile, followed by the three Cantabs all together. Before completing the mile, which Morgan did in 5 minutes 2 seconds, Royds, who was evidently unwell, dropped behind Micklefield. Throughout the second mile Morgan went on steadily, and Kennedy came up to Michell, and the two passed and repassed one another several times. Fletcher dropped behind and afterwards gave up, as did Royds, and Micklefield got more and more in the rear. The two miles were run by Morgan in 10 minutes 18 seconds. Throughout the whole of the third mile, Morgan went further and further away, seeming to run even stronger the farther he went. Kennedy dropped behind Michell and never quite reached him again,

though he tried gamely. Morgan, increasing his lead, won by nearly 200 yards from Michell, in 15 minutes 20 seconds, Michell beating Kennedy by about 40 yards.

It is impossible to convey on paper any idea of Morgan's running; it must be seen to be appreciated. He is a small, thickly-set man, and has great elasticity of action, bounding along without the slightest appearance of effort or fatigue. He was not in the least distressed, and finished, as we have said, even stronger than he began. He reminded us very much of Garnett in some ways, but his style and stride are decidedly superior. Three miles is, I think, too far for Michell, for although his fine stride enables him to get easily over the ground, yet his thighs are very weak. Kennedy ran well, but he was simply over-matched. I believe I am not exaggerating in saying that there is no amateur who is as good at the distance as Morgan, the plucky dark-blue winner of 1868. Certainly he is the best I have ever seen. This final victory for Oxford decided the odd event of the meeting, for the first time since the establishment of the games, in her favour.

Looking back at the games of 1868 there is much about them that rendered them especially interesting to any one much interested in athletics. First, then, was the fact of the really remarkable improvement in times and distances, &c., shown in almost every one of the competitions. I need not again specify, for any one on again looking through this hurried sketch will at once see how wonderfully good the standard of every contest, except the high jump, was, and that was only inferior because there happened to be for the last two years two jumpers of extraordinary excellence at Cambridge. Another feature, which much pleased me also, was the enthusiasm which each contest provoked, the cheers and counter cheers as Light or Dark Blue failed or succeeded were louder even than last, and almost equalled the uproar heard at Fenner's in 1865 and Christchurch Ground in 1866.

Lastly, it was a great pleasure to remember that in these days of rich

strangers prizes and pot-hunting the prize for all these contests was but a simple silver medal of little intrinsic worth, and the honour of having gained a laurel for one or the other of the 'Varsities.

Oxford for the first time gained the victory, and she bids fair to maintain it next year, as her team was a young one. The actual score was Oxford five first and five second, to Cambridge four first and five second. I trust, indeed, that no aspiring athlete will leave a stone unturned to secure for his University the victory in any contest for which he may enter. I know there is a school which professes to ridicule the games, and to regard the winning or losing the majority of events as a matter of no real moment. How unfair such a view is, I think that the ardent support given to boxing and cricket by the greatest lovers of athletics is the best evidence.

There were several interesting statistics on the card which some old Varsity man may be interested in bearing. Among the colleges, for instance, Jesus, at Cambridge, that athletic school which brought out P. M. Thornton, G. R. Thornton, R. T. James, and A. J. Law, has added to her fame this year by Gibbs, Ridley, and Corfe; and at Oxford Magdalen, the college of and M. G. Knight, E. B. Michell is again to the fore with Frere, Parsons, and Scott.

As regards schools my difficulties increase year by year, for as practice at the Universities becomes more frequent, so school-training becomes of less importance, and men from private schools contend more on an equal footing with those from public schools than formerly.

Elton, however, fairly holds her own this year, boasting of no less than six representatives in the persons of Ridley, Pitt Taylor, Frere, Bowman, Royds, Somers-Smith. Harrow has two worthy sons in Morgan and Kennedy. Rugby claims Townsill and Lambert, Marlborough Gibbs; Charterhouse again appears in O'Grady, Uppingham in Green. Blackheath taught Laing to run and Eyre to hurl the hammer; whilst King's College, London, more

by good luck than by anything else, has, I am told, the honour of owning Absalom. There, I have done what I could by way of description, and trust those who detect blunders will have the kindness to correct them for themselves and forgive them. The judging was again in the hands of R. E. Webster and R. A. H. Mitchell, and the Rev. T. H. T. Hopkins, of Magdalen, Oxford, was again referee. I think the above names are sufficient guarantee that the duties were efficiently performed, and I may remark that of no contest could it be said that the best man (on the day) did not win. It is absolutely impossible this year to pick out a single 'victor ludorum;' the laurel-wreath must be cut in four pieces this year and given to Morgan and Gibbs, to Ridley and Tennent, and may they still win victories enough to complete the chaplet!

Before I bid farewell for another year to Oxford and Cambridge athletes I will not again touch on the question of the removal of the games to London except to express a hope that you and I, kind reader, may meet not many months hence to witness on Fenner's such struggles, such victories, and such defeats as I have endeavoured to picture for those who were not at Beaufort House on the 3rd of April, 1868.

I would, however, say one word on a point which of late has been much put forward. It is said that the increasing taste for athletics is the cause of the degeneracy of rowing at Cambridge. I have made every inquiry in my power, but have been informed that the number of real rowing men is even greater at Cambridge than heretofore, and that the practice is as heartily carried on as formerly. Whether there be any real foundation for the idea I know not, but I fully believe that what at least athletics have done is to find amusement, exercise, and healthful recreation for hundreds—or rather thousands—who five years ago would have spent their spare time in useless idleness. All praise to those who, in the face of opposition, have been the pioneers of the movement.

D. D. R.

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS.

PLEASANTLY bright is the Park to-day,
 With all the spring in it, crisp and new,
 Outspreading, with more of sun than shade,
 Under a heaven of April blue.

The trees are out in a mist of green;
 Its dappled shadow each quaintly weaves;
 And there steals on the ear with sweet surprise
 The glad, fresh sound of the rustling leaves.

A fair, bright scene! At its brightest now,
 In the life and stir of the day's decline,
 When England's noblest are mingling here,
 And England's fair at their fairest shine.

He who looked down from the bridge, and said
 That earth had nothing more fair to show;*
 Surely he never, with folded arms,
 Had leant on the rails that guard the Row?

Never before him, in such an hour,
 Could exquisite face have followed face,
 'Till his eyes were dazed, and his reeling brain
 Swam in a dream of beauty and grace.

This is earth's fairest sight. But, see!
 How a mounted throng the Corner seek—
 Rigidly planted is every hoof,
 Though flanks are quivering, satin-sleek.

They wait the crowning glory of all—
 The Princess rides in the Row to-day;
 And they look for her coming, loyal hearts,
 Their loving homage prepared to pay.

They wait to gaze on that gentle face,
 To mark the charm of those placid eyes,
 That, upward gazing, reflected hold
 The tender blue of these northern skies.

Loyal and loving! Nor they alone;
 Who that looks on her—pure and good,
 Sweet and gracious—but owns her sway?
 Pride and pattern of womanhood!

Who does not hold her in loving pride?
 Who does not deem her flower of our land?
 Who would not die for her? Where is he
 Would not her foe to the death withstand?

Hark! how a murmurous wave of sound
 Softly swells as it flows along!
 'She comes!' is passing from lip to lip,
 Growing stronger and ever strong.

'She is here!'—the cry is all delight,
 Simple words with the heart of a cheer—
 Eagerly, gladly carry it on,
 Echo and echo it—'She is here!'

W. S.

* 'Earth hath not anything more fair to show.'

WAITING FOR THE PRINCESS

[From the Book of the Queen]



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A LEVÉE DAY AT ST. JAMES'S.

A FINE day in St. James's. The London Season is in the first flush of youth. The spring is obviously impatient,

'And April with her white hands wet with flowers'

(what a lovely line that is of Leigh Hunt's!), is making offerings to March. The Season is not in bloom yet. The roses are to come. But the violets are everywhere—not only on the banks, but in the baskets, the bouquet-holders, and even the button-holes! In the world which the Season concerns all is expectation and hope. A 'hard and fast line' has been drawn at the past, and the thoughts of men—and you may be sure of women also—are directed to the future. Not that there is an absence of anxiety. A great deal of business must mingle with the pleasure of the next few months. To say nothing of affairs in which horses or politics are concerned, there will be quite enough to do in the match-making market to keep both principals and seconds well employed. There are men who must marry before July, or—as they tell you confidentially at the club—must infallibly come to grief. There are ladies whose mammas say they must marry also—they never say so themselves, of course—or come at least to mortification. The chances of these vary as they are in their first, second, or third seasons: after which latter period records become obscure. There are men and women, too, engaged in other schemes of social ambition which the Season is to assist. There is manoeuvring of many kinds at work, in fact, and happy are they for whom July will bring no disappointment.

I was almost forgetting to mention a great crowd of people who are 'going in' for the Season with a pure sense of its enjoyment; who have no selfish plans to forward; who bear everybody about them the greatest good-will; who, if not married already, will marry where they

love, and who will take the pleasures as they come with all their hearts, except a little corner that they will leave for gratitude. But *cela va sans dire*, and we may take people like these for granted.

In the meanwhile we are in St. James's on a fine day. There is something unusual astir, as is evident from the number of pedestrians who loiter, and of vehicles that progress; of members at the windows of clubs, and members standing on the steps. There is a regular class of men, by-the-way, who seem to take a peculiar delight in standing upon club steps, and who ought to be asked what they mean by it. 'The sweet shady side of Pall Mall'—and the sweet sunny side, too, which has been shamefully neglected in song—gives them, however, something to see upon this occasion, for the day is one in which Her Majesty, in the person of the Prince, receives at St. James's Palace. I say there is something to see, but the attraction must be in the popular impression that there is something to see; for this is not a Drawing-room day, and there is very little to interest men to whom court dresses and uniforms are no novelty, and who know more or less of most of their wearers. And the latter, too, are tolerably well protected from the public gaze by the vehicles in which they drive. These are of all descriptions, from the family chariot and the bachelor brougham to the hack four-wheeler and hansom, the latter being peculiarly affected by officers who have cocked hats with plumes, which they cannot find room to wear upon their heads, and hold uncomfortably in front of them in the way of the reins.

The people in the streets, however, are principally interested in seeing the Prince, who must come out of Marlborough House to get into St. James's Palace, and a glimpse, at any rate, of the Illustrious Personage will reward the loyalty of those with the strongest elbows. Then it may be we might quote a poem almost

as old as the 'Rejected Addresses,' and say, in the style of Sir Walter Scott,

'Rang all the Mall with needless noise,
From topmost Sams to Moon and Boys.'

But we—that is to say myself and the reader—do not wait with the crowd, and can quote only by anticipation. We have to be presented, and must follow the family chariots, the bachelor broughams, the hack four-wheelers and hansoms aforesaid, to the palace gates.

Arrived at a certain point the hack carriages are stopped, the private carriages being allowed to proceed a little farther, and to set down by the side of the verandah facing the entrance. Here the company are received in the first place by some of the royal servants, who take no notice of them very considerably; and the Gentlemen-at-Arms and Yeomen of the Guard, who stand about inside, are equally obliging. There is nothing to distract the attention in the corridor except a looking-glass, in passing which bold spirits pause and make a survey of their corporeal presence, while timid spirits content themselves with a furtive glance. At the end is a table, superintended by household officials, and here you have to present one of the two cards with which you have provided yourself—large cards, with your name and rank, and the name of your presenter legibly inscribed with pen and ink—your ordinary engraved cards being inadmissible for the purpose. Your presenter, by-the-way, need not accompany you. It is possible, if he merely stands towards you in some official relation, that you have not the honour of his private acquaintance. It is sufficient that he is your sponsor upon the occasion, and, I believe, that he be present himself. It would be more genial, perhaps, were he to take you up to Royalty, and say, 'This, Your Majesty,' or Royal Highness, as the case might be, 'is my young friend,' but happily this ceremony is not demanded, or important personages who have many presentations to make would find their lives a burden to them.

Having deposited one of your

cards, and retained the other for the crisis, you proceed up the staircase, also superintended by officials, to the State Apartments. But as the State Apartments are not large—for State Apartments—it is necessary to wait at each doorway, carefully closed to prevent precipitation, until the company within have passed through the Throne Room. This waiting occupies a considerable time, and unreasonable people have been known to express themselves tired, and even bored, at the process. One youthful gentleman, bearing the rank of a cornet—and a near relative, I should think, of the one who threatened, according to the well-known anecdote, to withdraw his custom from Mr. Hoby—talked, upon the occasion in question, of withdrawing himself, being restrained only by the consideration that 'it would not look well, perhaps, to go away without seeing the people of the house.' In the last Exhibition year, 1862, when the provincial mayors came to Court in great force, one of them, I have heard, expressed his surprise that refreshments were not provided during the pauses of progress. 'I thought at least,' he grumbled, 'that there would be a cut of beef and a glass of sherry to be had at the sideboard.' The situation is a trying one, to be sure; but patient people console themselves by talking to their friends, and finding such amusement as they may in observing the pictures and the quaint decorations of the rooms, and improving their minds by recurring to the historical associations connected with the place.

It is very pleasant, however, when the sliding door at last lets you into the main saloon, immediately adjoining the Throne Room. Here you have to wait once more, but it is not before a door: you are in the midst of the mass of the company who have not passed through, and of the 'general circle' who have not to undergo the process of presentation, but present themselves as a mark of attention to Royalty, and for their own personal amusement—to see their friends and so forth. This room is divided by a barrier placed

crosswise, the other side of which leads to a narrow passage, partitioned off lengthwise, and bringing you to the door of the Throne Room. The pause on the outside of the barrier is generally a long one, and you have plenty of time to make your observations upon your neighbours.

The assembly is certainly gorgeous to the eye. Uniforms, military or civil, are in a large majority; and you meet people whom you have known in private life, and know not to be in the army, in all kinds of martial array. For nearly everybody who desires to go to Court in these days gets a right to wear a uniform of some kind, if possible, in order to avoid the ordinary 'Court Dress,' which *will* make gentlemen look like footmen, whether they like it or not. In fact they do not look half so well as 'swell' footmen, who—we have it on the authority of Mr. Sam Weller's friend, Mr. Smawker—set great store by their 'uniforms,' as being invincible to the fair sex. No; a claret-coloured coat with steel buttons, a flowered waistcoat, black breeches and white stockings, is not a costume in which, in these days, it is easy to appear to advantage. Even the wig, when it was worn, was a redeeming point. It decidedly improves the dress as we see it upon the stage; and we know how becoming it is to some faces in the case of barristers-at-law. As for the apologetic substitute provided in the bag worn at the back of the coat collar, it is worse than nothing at all. That some kind of full dress is proper for Court occasions is beyond question, unless we consent to adopt American simplicity altogether, which, however consistent with Republicanism, the Americans themselves find uncomfortable when in Europe. But there is no reason why gentlemen should not be able to go into the presence of their sovereign except in a dress of a past fashion, and one so differing in character from that which he is accustomed to wear, as not to be worn without discomfort, to say nothing of the associations that it suggests. Where special arrangements have been made for civilians, we do not find

the old type adhered to. The Diplomatic, the Consular, and the Civil Service uniforms—which are all represented at the Levée to-day—present no anomalies of the kind; nor does the Windsor uniform, nor any other dress that has been specially devised. As everybody cannot be in Her Majesty's service, it is scarcely fair to attach a penalty to non-membership, such as the imposition of the existing Court dress. Why, then, should not English gentlemen generally, who are not in the Military Service, or entitled to wear any other distinctive uniform, be assigned some sort of costume like—say the Civil Service? There need be no invasion of the particular uniform of that body, which might still retain its present exclusive character; but there would be no difficulty in assimilating the general civilian dress to the same pattern, which accords with the fashion of the day, and may be worn with ease and comfort in change with ordinary clothes. The semi-military style is no more anomalous in the case of private persons than it is in the case of civilians who are in government employ; and its adoption would involve no trouble beyond the consideration of a few simple rules embodied in an order from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As for the dress of the time of George III., which is now enjoined, it is as apart from the fashion of the day as the dress of William III., or even Edward III. or Henry III., to go a long way back. Court dress must have been changed, like every other dress, from time to time, and the period has surely arrived when it might be changed again with advantage. The black suits, by the way, look far better than the coloured ones; but these, except when the court is in mourning, are only worn by officials. One I observe to-day, of black velvet, is rather imposing than otherwise, but is still violently opposed to our habits; and no man can costume himself in such a style without feeling in masquerade, especially if he hires his attire from Mr. Nathan, as some men are said to do, who think they are not likely to appear in it more than once.

Here is a judge, in his robes. These have been unchanged for a long time past, and will be unchangeable for a long time to come. But the wig dates only from the latter end of the seventeenth century, when everybody began to wear wigs as well as the judges; and when they will be dispensed with none dare venture to say. The Queen's counsel also wear wigs of a similar kind, and look less comfortable here than they do in court, owing to the inevitable knee-breeches and silk stockings in which they now appear. The Queen's counsel—and the serjeants-at-law also—represent another anomaly in comparison with people in private life. They are shaven as to their upper lips and chins. This was not always the custom. Neither the Bench nor the Bar shaved until everybody else shaved; and now, when nearly everybody else grows the moustache, and, it may be, the beard as well, they are left behind the age. Among the junior Bar shaving is less regarded, and it will probably be regulated by the general fashion when the present generation of juniors become represented on the bench. At present the elder judges have a prejudice against the moustache, and have been known to rebuke counsel for adopting that adornment. 'Utter' barristers, of course, do not wear robes at Court, and may not be known from other people. If they appear in any distinguishing dress, it is probably in militia or volunteer uniform, or in the brilliant guise of deputy-lieutenants of counties.

Among the gowmsmen we see several Doctors of Divinity; and these, with D.C.L.'s and LL.D.'s, afford a pleasant shade from the glare of uniform, which, as I have said, has become almost the rule upon State occasions. Among these the cavalry of course carry off the palm of splendour. There are no handsomer uniforms in the world than those of the Life Guards and the Horse Guards Blue; but their wearers are not all as fine men as the picked fellows who fill the ranks. Her Majesty takes officers into her service irrespective of their size;

and hence it is that our friend the cornet already mentioned (who is still waiting to see the 'people of the house') looks all boots. He would appear with much greater effect in the Lights than the Heavies, where a neat figure fit for a jockey is thrown away.

The Foot Guards—which are the more 'swell' service of the two—have an advantage over their mounted brethren in a room at any rate. The Heavy always seems to want his horse to complete him; but the infantry Guardsman is a model officer for a court, where he looks thoroughly at home.

Here are a couple of Dragoon Guards—'Plungers'—in the most gorgeous uniforms known perhaps in this or any other country; but the two Lights to whom they are talking are as effective in a different manner. One is an hussar, the other a lancer: they are of the Court, courtly, and seem quite conscious of the fact. The same may not be said of every officer present. That old general, decorated up to the eyes, goes puffing about, evidently regarding the whole proceeding as 'A confounded farce, sir.' He has been on service in India for thirty years, and now that he has come home must come here, if it is only for once. He will probably take the same view of the matter that Lord Chesterfield did of hunting; and I doubt if you will catch him at St. James's a second time.

Who is this wonderfully and fearfully dressed officer with the great beard? He wears a short green tunic with no collar, so that his neck is quite bare. The garment is heavy with bullion—on the sleeves, and wherever else there is room for it. He wears red breeches, and high boots bound with gold at the tops. In his hand he carries a helmet covered with purple velvet, and also profusely adorned with the precious metal. He is a commandant of Indian irregular cavalry, who has just been made a K.C.S.I. He is a first-rate officer—a *bon sabreur* of the Murat type, and is very proud of his uniform, which he designed himself.

Very plain beside this magnificent man look officers of the line and the militia—indeed they could not very well appear plainer—and but for their scarlet tunics would look quite sombre and unadorned. Vanity after vanity has been cut away from them, even to the epaulettes, which are now worn only by the Navy, several officers of which service are here present, looking gallant fellows, as they always do, but decidedly uncomfortable in full uniform, as they always do also.

Deputy-lieutenants, by-the-way, wear epaulettes, their uniform not having shared the changes in that of the army since the Crimean war. And they not only wear epaulettes, but tail-coats, and sashes round the waist, instead of over the shoulder. They have a great deal of gold lace, and look very effective, especially with their cocked hats and plumes. Nobody knows exactly what are the duties of deputy-lieutenants, for the reason, I believe, that there are none. They are supposed to have local charges under lord-lieutenants, and to be responsible for certain proportions of the force of their county militia, but they are never known to act in any prescribed capacity. They rank with lieutenant-colonels; but the rank would be scarcely available in any practical manner, even to taking a place among the staff of a general officer, for they do not wear military swords, and could not appear mounted in uniform. However, the position is highly honourable, and its owner is a somebody in his county; so if deputy-lieutenants are not happy it is their own fault.

Volunteer officers are now plentiful at court, and add to the variety of the scene. Their uniforms are more ornate than they used to be at first; for the Volunteers have found out that the machinery of war will not work without something of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance,' which very few men despise so much as they would have you believe.

But I have no more time to look

about me. There is a movement towards the barrier on the left, which is now open, and the glittering throng is pushing its way through to the right, where the narrow passage already mentioned leads to the Presence Chamber. There is a little pressure at first; but presently an official, who takes your reserved card, intimates that 'Gentlemen will please to walk in single file.' This arrangement separates people who have agreed to keep together, and some of them don't like it. But they proceed in due order through the door, and close round to the right, where Royalty, with all its courtly surrounding, is receiving the visitors. The Illustrious Personage, we are glad to see, is looking quite well and happy; and as each person in succession bows his way past—his name being read aloud from his card at the same time—he finds his salutation received in the pleasantest possible manner. There is no kissing of hands, except in the case of Her Majesty; but her Illustrious Representative sometimes steps forward and shakes hands with those whom he may know, and makes some evidently cordial remark. In this manner the whole of us pass by degrees into and out of the presence—the ceremony being a great deal easier for us than for royalty, who, I fancy, must be always on the alert, so as not to forget people whom he desires to remember, or bestow extra attention upon those who have no claim.

Once through, we may depart, or not, as we please. Some of us wait, of course, and look about us again, and meet inevitable friends whom we had not expected to see. But before very late in the afternoon we all find ourselves once more in view of the public outside, claiming our conveyances, and eager to get home, or wherever else we may have arranged to get rid of the habit in which we have lived for the last few hours, and so regain our social freedom.

THE BOX WITH THE IRON CLAMPS.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

MOLTON CHASE is a charming, old-fashioned country house, which has been in the possession of the Clayton family for centuries past; and as Harry Clayton, its present owner, has plenty of money, and (having tasted the pleasures of matrimony for only five years) has no knowledge (as yet) of the delights of college and school-bills coming in at Christmas-time, it is his will to fill the Chase at that season with guests, to each of whom he extends a welcome, as hearty as it is sincere.

'Bella! are you not going to join the riding-party this afternoon?' he said across the luncheon-table to his wife, one day in a December not long ago.

'Bella' was a dimpled little woman, whose artless expression of countenance would well bear comparison with the honest, genial face opposite to her, and who replied at once—

'No! not this afternoon, Harry, dear. You know the Dammers may come at any time between this and seven o'clock, and I should not like to be out when they arrive.'

'And may I ask Mrs. Clayton who are the Dammers,' inquired a friend of her husband, who, on account of being handsome, considered himself licensed to be pert, —' that their advent should be the cause of our losing the pleasure of your company this afternoon?'

But the last thing Bella Clayton ever did was to take offence.

'The Dammers are my cousins, Captain Moss,' she replied; 'at least Blanche Damer is.'

At this juncture a dark-eyed man who was sitting at the other end of the table dropped the flirting converse he had been maintaining with a younger sister of Mrs. Clayton's, and appeared to become interested in what his hostess was saying.

'Colonel Damer,' she continued, 'has been in India for the last twelve years, and only returned to England a month ago; therefore it

would seem unkind on the first visit he has paid to his relatives that there should be no one at home to welcome him.'

'Has Mrs. Damer been abroad for as long a time?' resumed her questioner, a vision arising on his mental faculties of a lemon-coloured woman with shoes down at heel.

'Oh dear no!' replied his hostess. 'Blanche came to England about five years ago, but her health has been too delicate to rejoin her husband in India since. Have we all finished, Harry, dear?' — and in another minute the luncheon-table was cleared.

As Mrs. Clayton crossed the hall soon afterwards to visit her nursery, the same dark-eyed man who had regarded her fixedly when she mentioned the name of Blanche Damer followed and accosted her.

'Is it long since you have seen your cousin Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Clayton?'

'I saw her about three years ago, Mr. Laurence; but she had a severe illness soon after that, and has been living on the continent ever since. Why do you ask?'

'For no especial reason,' he answered, smiling. 'Perhaps I am a little jealous lest this new-comer to whose arrival you look forward with so much interest should usurp more of your time and attention than we less-favoured ones can spare.'

He spoke with a degree of sarcasm, real or feigned, which Mrs. Clayton immediately resented.

'I am not aware that I have been in the habit of neglecting my guests, Mr. Laurence,' she replied; 'but my cousin Blanche is more likely to remind me of my duties than to tempt me to forget them.'

'Forgive me,' he said, earnestly. 'You have mistaken my meaning altogether. But are you very intimate with this lady?'

'Very much so,' was the answer. 'We were brought up together, and loved each other as sisters until she married and went to India. For

some years after her return home our intercourse was renewed, and only broken, on the occasion of her being ill and going abroad, as I have described to you. Her husband, I have, of course, seen less of, but I like what I know of him, and am anxious to show them both all the hospitality in my power. She is a charming creature, and I am sure you will admire her.'

'Doubtless I shall,' he replied; 'that is if she does not lay claim to all Mrs. Clayton's interest in the affairs of Molton Chase.'

'No fear of that,' laughed the cheery little lady as she ascended the stairs, and left Mr. Laurence standing in the hall beneath.

'Clayton,' observed that gentleman, as he re-entered the luncheon-room and drew his host into the privacy of a bay-window, 'I really am afraid I shall have to leave you this evening—if you won't think it rude of me to go so suddenly.'

'But *why*, my dear fellow?' exclaimed Harry Clayton, as his blue eyes searched into the other's soul. 'What earthly reason can you have for going, when your fixed plan was to stay with us over Christmas-day?'

'Well! there is lots of work waiting for you to do, you know; and really the time slips away so, and time is money to a slave like myself—that—'

'Now, my dear Laurence,' said Harry Clayton, conclusively, 'you know you are only making excuses. All the work that was absolutely necessary for you to do before Christmas was finished before you came here, and you said you felt yourself licensed to take a whole month's holiday. Now, was not that the case?'

Mr. Laurence could not deny the fact, and so he looked undecided, and was silent.

'Don't let me hear any more about your going before Christmas-day,' said his host, 'or I shall be offended, and so will Bella; to say nothing of Bella's sister—eh, Laurence?'

Whereupon Mr. Laurence felt himself bound to remain; and saying in his own mind that fate was

against him, dropped the subject of his departure altogether.

One hour later, the riding party being then some miles from Molton Chase, a travelling carriage laden with trunks drove up to the house, and Mrs. Clayton, all blushes and smiles, stood on the hall-steps to welcome her expected guests.

Colonel Damer was the first to alight. He was a middle-aged man, but with a fine soldierly bearing, which took off from his years; and he was so eager to see to the safe exit of his wife from the carriage-door that he had not time to do more than take off his hat to blooming Bella on the steps.

'Now, my love,' he exclaimed as the lady's form appeared, 'pray take care; two steps: that's right—here you are, safe.'

And then Mrs. Damer, being securely landed, was permitted to fly into the cousin's arms which were opened to receive her.

'My dear Bella!'

'My dearest Blanche—I am so delighted to see you again. Why, you are positively frozen! Pray come in at once to the fire. Colonel Damer, my servants will see to the luggage—do leave it to them, and come and warm yourselves.'

A couple of men-servants now came forward and offered to see to the unloading of the carriage—but Mrs. Damer did not move.

'Will you not go in, my love, as your cousin proposes?' said her husband. 'I can see to the boxes if you should wish me to do so.'

'No, thank you,' was the low reply; and there was such a ring of melancholy in the voice of Mrs. Damer that a stranger would have been attracted by it. 'I prefer waiting until the carriage is unpacked.'

'Never mind the luggage, Blanche,' whispered Mrs. Clayton, in her coaxing manner. 'Come in to the fire, dear,—I have so much to tell you.'

'Wait a minute, Bella,' said her cousin; and the entreaty was so firm that it met with no further opposition.

'One—two—three—four,' exclaimed Colonel Damer, as the boxes

successively came to the ground. 'I am afraid you will think we are going to take you by storm, Mrs. Clayton; but perhaps you know my wife's fancy for a large travelling *kit* of old. Is that all, Blanche?'

'That is all—thank you,' in the same low melancholy tones in which she had spoken before. 'Now, Bella, dear, which is to be my room?'

'You would rather go there first, Blanche?'

'Yes, please—I'm tired. Will you carry up that box for me?' she continued, pointing out one of the trunks to the servant.

'Directly, ma'am,' he returned, as he was looking for change for a sovereign wherewith to accommodate Colonel Damer—but the lady lingered until he was at leisure. Then he shouldered the box next to the one she had indicated, and she directed his attention to the fact, and made him change his burden.

'They'll all go up in time, ma'am,' the man remarked; but Mrs. Damer, answering nothing, did not set her foot upon the stairs until he was half-way up them, with the trunk she had desired him to take first.

Then she leaned wearily upon Bella Clayton's arm, pressing it fondly to her side, and so the two went together to the bedroom which had been appointed for the reception of the new guests. It was a large and cosily-furnished apartment, with a dressing-room opening from it. When the ladies arrived there they found the servant awaiting them with the box in question.

'Where will you have it placed, ma'am?' he demanded of Mrs. Damer.

'Under the bed, please.'

But the bedstead was a French one, and the mahogany sides were so deep that nothing could get beneath them but dust; and the trunk, although small, was heavy and strong and clamped with iron, not at all the sort of trunk that would go *anywhere*.

'Nothing will go under the bed, ma'am!' said the servant in reply.

Mrs. Damer slightly changed colour.

'Never mind then: leave it there.

Oh! what a comfort a good fire is,' she continued, turning to the hearth-rug, and throwing herself into an arm-chair. 'We have had such a cold drive from the station.'

'But about your box, Blanche?' said Mrs. Clayton, who had no idea of her friends being put to any inconvenience. 'It can't stand there; you'll unpack it, won't you? or shall I have it moved into the passage?'

'Oh, no, thank you, Bella—please let it stand where it is: it will do very well indeed.'

'What will do very well?' exclaimed Colonel Damer, who now entered the bedroom, followed by a servant with another trunk.

'Only Blanche's box, Colonel Damer,' said Bella Clayton. 'She doesn't wish to unpack it, and it will be in her way here, I'm afraid. It *might* stand in your dressing-room.'—This she said as a 'feeler,' knowing that some gentlemen do not like to be inconvenienced, even in their dressing-rooms.

But Colonel Damer was as unselfish as it was possible for an old Indian to be.

'Of course it can,' he replied. 'Here (to the servant), just shoulder that box, will you, and move it into the next room.'

The man took up the article in question rather carelessly, and nearly let it fall again. Mrs. Damer darted forward as if to save it.

'Pray put it down,' she said, nervously. 'I have no wish to have it moved—I shall require it by-and-by; it will be no inconvenience—'

'Just as you like, dear,' said Mrs. Clayton, who was becoming rather tired of the little discussion. 'And now take off your things, dear Blanche, and let me ring for some tea.'

Colonel Damer walked into his dressing-room and left the two ladies alone. The remainder of the luggage was brought up-stairs; the tea was ordered and served, and whilst Mrs. Clayton busied herself in pouring it out, Mrs. Damer sank back upon a sofa which stood by the fire, and conversed with her cousin.

She had been beautiful, this woman, in her earlier youth, though

no one would have thought it to see her now. As Bella handed her the tea she glanced towards the thin hand stretched out to receive it, and from thence to the worn face and hollow eyes, and could scarcely believe she saw the same person she had parted from three years before.

But she had not been so intimate with her of late, and she was almost afraid of commenting upon her cousin's altered appearance, for fear it might wound her; all she said was:

'You look very delicate still, dear Blanche; I was in hopes the change to the continent would have set you up and made you stronger than you were when you left England.'

'Oh, no; I never shall be well again,' was Mrs. Damer's careless reply: 'it's an old story now, Bella, and it's no use talking about it. Who have you staying in the house at present, dear?'

'Well, we are nearly full,' rejoined Mrs. Clayton. 'There is my old godfather, General Knox,—you remember him, I know,—and his son and daughter; and the Ainsleys and their family; ditto, the Bayleys and the Armstrongs, and then, for single men, we have young Brooke, and Harry's old friend, Charley Moss, and Herbert Laurence, and—are you ill, Blanche?'

An exclamation had burst from Mrs. Damer—hardly an exclamation, so much as a half-smothered cry,—but whether of pain or fear, it was hard to determine.

'Are you ill?' reiterated Mrs. Clayton, full of anxiety for her fragile-looking cousin.

'No,' replied Blanche Damer, pressing her hand to her side, but still deadly pale from the effect of whatever emotion she had gone through; 'it is nothing; I feel faint after our long journey.'

Colonel Damer had also heard the sound, and now appeared upon the threshold of his dressing-room. He was one of those well-meaning, but fussy men, who can never leave two women alone for a quarter of an hour without intruding on their privacy.

'Did you call, my dearest?' he asked of his wife. 'Do you want anything?'

'Nothing, thank you,' replied Bella for her cousin; 'Blanche is only a little tired and overcome by her travelling.'

'I think, after all, that I will move that trunk away for you into my room,' he said, advancing towards the box which had already been the subject of discussion. Mrs. Damer started from the sofa with a face of crimson.

'I beg you will leave my boxes alone,' she said, with an imploring tone in her voice which was quite unfitted to the occasion. 'I have not brought one more than I need, and I wish them to remain under my own eye.'

'There must be something very valuable in that receptacle,' said Colonel Damer, facetiously, as he beat a retreat to his own quarters.

'Is it your linen box?' demanded Mrs. Clayton of her cousin.

'Yes,' in a hesitating manner; 'that is, it contains several things that I have in daily use; but go on about your visitors, Bella: are there any more?'

'I don't think so: where had I got to?—oh! to the bachelors: well, there are Mr. Brooke and Captain Moss, and Mr. Laurence (the poet, you know; Harry was introduced to him last season by Captain Moss), and my brother Alfred; and that's all.'

'A very respectable list,' said Mrs. Damer, languidly. 'What kind of a man is the—the poet you spoke of?'

'Laurence?—oh, he seems a very pleasant man; but he is very silent and abstracted, as I suppose a poet should be. My sister Carrie is here, and they have quite got up a flirtation together; however, I don't suppose it will come to anything.'

'And your nursery department?'

'Thriving, thank you; I think you will be astonished to see my boy. Old Mrs. Clayton says he is twice the size that Harry was at that age; and the little girls can run about and talk almost as well as I can. But I must not expect you, Blanche, to take the same interest in babies that I do.'

This she added, remembering that the woman before her was childless.

Mrs. Damer moved uneasily on her couch, but she said nothing; and soon after the sound of a gong reverberating through the hall warned Mrs. Clayton that the dinner was not far off and the riding-party must have returned; so, leaving her friend to her toilet, she took her departure.

As she left the room, Mrs. Damer was alone. She had no maid of her own, and she had refused the offices of Mrs. Clayton, assuring her that she was used to dress herself; but she made little progress in that department, as she lay on the couch in the firelight, with her face buried in her hands, and thoughts coursing through her mind of which heaven alone knew the tendency.

'Come, my darling,' said the kind, coaxing voice of her husband, as, after knocking more than once without receiving any answer, he entered her room, fully dressed, and found her still arrayed in her travelling things, and none of her boxes unpacked. 'You will never be ready for dinner at this rate. Shall I make an excuse for your not appearing at table this evening? I am sure Mrs. Clayton would wish you to keep your room if you are too tired to dress.'

'I am not too tired, Harry,' said Mrs. Damer, rising from the couch, 'and I shall be ready in ten minutes,' unlocking and turning over the contents of a box as she spoke.

'Better not, perhaps, my love,' interposed the Colonel, in mild expostulation; 'you will be better in bed, and can see your kind friends to-morrow morning.'

'I am going down to dinner to-night,' she answered, gently, but decisively. She was a graceful woman now she stood on her feet, and threw off the heavy wraps in which she had travelled, with a slight, willowy figure, and a complexion which was almost transparent in its delicacy; but her face was very thin, and her large blue eyes had a scared and haggard look in them, which was scarcely less painful to witness than the appearance of anxiety which was expressed by the knitted brows by which they were surmounted. As she now raised her fair attenuated hands to rearrange

her hair, which had once been abundant and glossy, her husband could not avoid remarking upon the change which had passed over it.

'I had no idea you had lost your hair so much, darling,' he said; 'I have not seen it down before to-night. Why, where is it all gone to?' he continued, as he lifted the light mass in his hands, and remembered of what a length and weight it used to be, when he last parted from her.

'Oh, I don't know,' she rejoined, sadly; 'gone, with my youth, I suppose, Henry.'

'My poor girl!' he said, gently, 'you have suffered very much in this separation. I had no right to leave you alone for so many years. But it is all over now, dearest, and I will take such good care of you that you will be obliged to get well and strong again.'

She turned round suddenly from the glass, and pressed her lips upon the hand which held her hair.

'Don't,' she murmured; 'pray don't speak to me so, Henry! I can't bear it; I can't indeed!'

He thought it was from excess of feeling that she spoke; and so it was, though not as he imagined. So he changed the subject lightly, and bade her be lazy no longer, but put on her dress, if she was really determined to make one of the party at dinner that evening.

In another minute, Mrs. Damer had brushed her diminished hair into the fashion in which she ordinarily wore it; thrown on an evening-robe of black, which, while it contrasted well with her fairness, showed the falling away of her figure in a painful degree; and was ready to accompany her husband down-stairs.

They were met at the door of the drawing-room by their host, who was eager to show cordiality towards guests of whom his wife thought so much, and having also been acquainted himself with Mrs. Damer since her return to England. He led her up to the sofa whereon Bella sat; and, dinner being almost immediately announced, the little hostess was busy pairing off her couples.

'Mr. Laurence!' she exclaimed; and then looking around the room, 'where is Mr. Laurence?' So that that gentleman was forced to leave the window-curtains, behind which he had ensconced himself, and advance into the centre of the room. 'Oh, here you are at last; will you take Mrs. Damer down to dinner?' and proceeding immediately with the usual form of introduction—'Mr. Laurence,—Mrs. Damer.'

They bowed to each other; but over the lady's face, as she went through her share of the introduction, there passed so indescribable, and yet so unmistakable a change, that Mrs. Clayton, although not very quick, could not help observing it, and she said, involuntarily—

'Have you met Mr. Laurence before, Blanche?'

'I believe I have had that pleasure—in London—many years ago.'

The last words came out so faintly that they were almost undistinguishable.

'Why didn't you tell me so?' said Bella Clayton, reproachfully, to Mr. Laurence.

He was beginning to stammer out some excuse about its having been so long ago, when Mrs. Damer came to his aid, in her clear, cold voice—

'It was very long ago: we must both be forgiven for having forgotten the circumstance.'

'Well, you must renew your acquaintanceship at dinner,' said Mrs. Clayton, blithely, as she trotted off to make matters pleasant between the rest of her visitors. As she did so, Mr. Laurence remained standing by the sofa, but he did not attempt to address Mrs. Damer. Only, when the room was nearly cleared, he held out his arm to her, and she rose to accept it. But the next minute she had sunk back again upon the sofa, and Mrs. Clayton was at her cousin's side. Mrs. Damer had fainted.

'Poor darling!' exclaimed Colonel Damer, as he pressed forward to the side of his wife. 'I was afraid coming down to-night would be too much for her, but she would make the attempt; she has so much spirit. Pray don't delay the dinner, Mrs. Clayton; I will stay by her, if you will excuse the apparent rudeness

until she is sufficiently recovered to go to bed.'

But even as he spoke his wife raised herself from the many arms which supported her, and essayed to gain her feet.

'Bella, dear! I am all right again. Pray, if you love me, don't make a scene about a little fatigue. I often faint now: let me go up to my bedroom, and lie down, as I ought to have done at first, and I shall be quite well to-morrow morning.'

She would accept no one's help—not even her husband's, though it distressed him greatly that she refused it,—but walked out of the room of her own accord, and toiled wearily up the staircase which led to the higher stories; whilst more than one pair of eyes watched her ascent, and more than one appetite was spoiled for the coming meal.

'Don't you think that Blanche is looking very ill?' demanded Bella Clayton of Colonel Damer, at the dinner-table. She had been much struck herself with the great alteration in her cousin's looks, and fancied that the husband was not so alarmed about it as he ought to be.

'I do, indeed,' he replied; 'but it is the last thing she will acknowledge herself. She has very bad spirits and appetite; appears always in a low fever, and is so nervous that the least thing will frighten her. That, to me, is the worst and most surprising change of all: such a high-couraged creature as she used to be.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Mrs. Clayton; 'I can hardly imagine Blanche being nervous at anything. It must have come on since her visit to the continent, for she was not so when she stayed here last.'

'When was that?' demanded the Colonel, anxiously.

'Just three years ago this Christmas,' was the answer. 'I don't think I ever saw her look better than she did then, and she was the life of the house. But soon afterwards she went to Paris, and then we heard of her illness, and this is my first meeting with her since that time. I was very much shocked when she got out of the carriage: I should scarcely have known her

again.' Here Mrs. Clayton stopped, seeing that the attention of Mr. Laurence, who sat opposite to her, appeared to be riveted on her words, and Colonel Damer relapsed into thought and spoke no more.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Damer had gained her bedroom. Women had come to attend upon her, sent by their mistress, and laden with offers of refreshment and help of every kind, but she had dismissed them and chosen to be alone. She felt too weak to be very restless, but she had sat by the fire and cried, until she was so exhausted that her bed suggested itself to her as the best place in which she could be; but rising to undress, preparatory to seeking it, she had nearly fallen, and catching feebly at the bedpost had missed it, and sunk down by the side of the solid black box, which was clamped with iron and fastened with a padlock, and respecting which she had been so particular a few hours before. She felt as if she was dying, and as if this were the fittest place for her to die on. 'There is nothing in my possession,' she cried, 'that really belongs to me but *this*—this which I loathe and abhor, and love and weep over at one and the same moment.' And, strange to relate, Mrs. Damer turned on her side, and kneeling by the iron-clamped chest pressed her lips upon its hard, unyielding surface, as if it had life wherewith to answer her embrace. And then the wearied creature dragged herself up again into an unsteady position, and managed to sustain it until she was ready to lie down upon her bed.

The next morning she was much better. Colonel Damer and Bella Clayton laid their heads together and decided that she was to remain in bed until after breakfast, therefore she was spared meeting with the assembled strangers until the dinner-hour again, for luncheon was a desultory meal at Molton Chase, and scarcely any of the gentlemen were present at it that day. After luncheon Mrs. Clayton proposed driving Mrs. Damer out in her pony-chaise.

'I don't think you will find it cold, dear, and we can come home

by the lower shrubberies and meet the gentlemen as they return from shooting,' Colonel Damer being one of the shooting party. But Mrs. Damer had declined the drive, and made her cousin understand so plainly that she preferred being left alone, that Mrs. Clayton felt no compunction in acceding to her wishes, and laying herself out to please the other ladies staying in the house.

And Mrs. Damer did wish to be alone. She wanted to think over the incidents of the night before, and devise some plan by which she could persuade her husband to leave the Grange as soon as possible without provoking questions which she might find it difficult to answer. When the sound of the wheels of her cousin's pony-chaise had died away, and the great stillness pervading Molton Grange proclaimed that she was the sole inmate left behind, she dressed herself in a warm cloak, and drawing the hood over her head prepared for a stroll about the grounds. A little walk she thought would do her good, and with this intention she left the house. The Grange gardens were extensive and curiously laid out, and there were many winding shrubbery paths about them, which strangers were apt to find easier to enter than to find their way out of again. Into one of these Mrs. Damer now turned her steps for the sake of privacy and shelter; but she had not gone far before, on turning an abrupt corner, she came suddenly upon the figure of the gentleman she had been introduced to the night before, Mr. Laurence, who she had imagined to be with the shooting party. He was half lying, half sitting across a rustic seat which encircled the huge trunk of an old tree, with his eyes bent upon the ground and a cigar between his lips. He was more an intellectual and fine-looking than a handsome man, but he possessed two gifts which are much more winning than beauty, a mind of great power, and the art of fascination. As Mrs. Damer came full in view of him, too suddenly to stop herself or to retreat, he rose quickly from the attitude he had assumed when he

thought himself secure from interception and stood in her pathway. She attempted to pass him with an inclination of the head, but he put out his hand and stopped her.

'Blanche! you must speak to me; you shall not pass like this; I insist upon it!' and she tried in vain to disengage her arm from his detaining clasp.

'Mr. Laurence, what right have you to hold me thus?'

'What right, Blanche? The right of every man over the woman who loves him!'

'That is your right over me no longer. I have tried to avoid you. You have both seen and known it! No gentleman would force himself upon my notice in this manner.'

'Your taunt fails to have any effect upon me. I have sought an explanation of your extraordinary conduct from you in vain. My letters have been unanswered, my entreaties for a last interview disregarded; and now that chance has brought us together again, I must have what I have a right to ask from your own lips. I did not devise this meeting; I did not even know you had returned to England till yesterday, and then I sought to avoid you; but it was fated that we should meet, and it is fated that you satisfy my curiosity.'

'What do you want to know?'

'First, have you ceased to love me?'

The angry light which had flashed across her face when he used force to detain her died away; the pallid lips commenced to tremble, and in the sunken eyes large tear-drops rose and hung quivering upon the long eyelashes.

'Enough, Blanche,' Mr. Laurence continued, in a softer voice. 'Nature answers me. I will not give you the needless pain of speaking. Then, why did you forsake me? Why did you leave England without one line of farewell, and why have you refused to hold any communication with me since that time?'

'I could not,' she murmured. 'You do not know; you cannot feel; you could never understand my feelings on that occasion.'

'That is no answer to my ques-

tion, Blanche,' he said firmly, 'and an answer I will have. What was the immediate cause of your breaking faith with me? I loved you, you know how well. What drove you from me? Was it fear, or indifference, or a sudden remorse?'

'It was,' she commenced slowly, and then as if gathering up a great resolution, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Do you really wish to know what parted us?'

'I really intend to know,' he replied, and the old power which he had held over her recommenced its sway. 'Whatever it was it has not tended to your happiness,' he continued, 'if I may judge from your looks. You are terribly changed, Blanche! I think even I could have made you happier than you appear to have been.'

'I have had enough to change me,' she replied. 'If you will know then, come with me, and I will show you.'

'To-day?'

'At once; to-morrow may be too late.' She began to walk towards the house as she spoke, rapidly and irregularly, her heart beating fast, but no trace of weakness in her limbs; and Herbert Laurence followed her, he scarcely knew why, excepting that she had desired it.

Into Molton Grange she went, up the broad staircase and to her chamber door before she paused to see if he was following. When she did so she found that he stood just behind her on the wide landing.

'You can enter,' she said, throwing open the door of her bedroom, 'don't be afraid; there is nothing here except the cause for which I parted with you.' In her agitation and excitement, scarcely pausing to fasten the door behind her, Mrs. Damer fell down on her knees before the little black box with its iron clamps and ponderous padlock; and drawing a key from her bosom, applied it to the lock, and in another minute had thrown back the heavy lid. Having displaced some linen which lay at the top, she carefully removed some lighter materials, and then calling to the man behind her, bid him look in and be satisfied. Mr. Laurence advanced to the box, quite ignorant as to the reason

of her demand; but as his eye fell upon its contents, he started backwards and covered his face with his hands. As he drew them slowly away again he met the sad, earnest look with which the kneeling woman greeted him, and for a few moments they gazed at one another in complete silence. Then Mrs. Damer withdrew her eyes from his and rearranged the contents of the black box; the heavy lid shut with a clang, the padlock was fast again, the key in her bosom, and she rose to her feet and prepared to leave the room in the same unbroken silence. But he again detained her, and this time his voice was hoarse and changed.

'Blanche! tell me, is this the truth?'

'As I believe in heaven,' she answered.

'And this was the reason that we parted—this the sole cause of our estrangement?'

'Was it not enough?' she said. 'I erred, but it was as one in a dream. When I awoke I could no longer err and be at peace. At peace did I say? I have known no peace since I knew you; but I should have died and waked up in hell if I had not parted with you. This is all the truth, believe it or not as you will; but there may, there can be nothing in future between you and me. Pray let me pass you.'

'But that—that—box, Blanche!' exclaimed Herbert Laurence, with drops of sweat, notwithstanding the temperature of the day, upon his forehead. 'It was an accident, a misfortune; you did not do it?'

She turned upon him eyes which were full of mingled horror and scorn.

'I do it!' she said, 'what are you dreaming of? I was mad, but not so mad as that! How could you think it?' and the tears rose in her eyes more at the supposition which his question had raised than at the idea that he could so misjudge her.

'But why do you keep this? why do you carry it about with you, Blanche? It is pure insanity on your part. How long is it since you have travelled in company with that dreadful box?'

'More than two years,' she said in a fearful whisper. 'I have tried to get rid of it, but to no purpose; there was always some one in the way. I have reasoned with myself, and prayed to be delivered from it, but I have never found an opportunity. And now, what does it matter? The burden and heat of the day are past.'

'Let me do it for you,' said Mr. Laurence. 'Whatever our future relation to one another, I cannot consent that you should run so terrible a risk through fault of mine. The strain upon your mind has been too great already. Would to heaven I could have borne it for you! but you forbid me even the privilege of knowing that you suffered. Now that I have ascertained it, it must be my care that the cause of our separation shall at least live in your memory only.' And as he finished speaking he attempted to lift the box; but Mrs. Damer sprang forward and prevented him.

'Leave it!' she cried; 'do not dare to touch it; it is mine! It has gone wherever I have gone for years. Do you think, for the little space that is left me, that I would part with the only link left between me and my dread past?' and saying thus she threw herself upon the black trunk and burst into tears.

'Blanche! you love me as you ever did,' exclaimed Herbert Laurence. 'These tears confess it. Let me make amends to you for this; let me try to make the happiness of your future life!'

But before his sentence was concluded Mrs. Damer had risen from her drooping attitude and stood before him.

'Make amends!' she echoed, scornfully. 'How can you "make amends?" Nothing can wipe out the memory of the shame and misery that I have passed through, nothing restore the quiet conscience I have lost. I do not know if I love you still or not. When I think of it, my head swims, and I only feel confused and anxious. But I am sure of one thing, that the horror of my remorse for even having listened to you has power to overwhelm any regret that may be lingering in my

unworthy breast, and that the mere fact of your bodily presence is agony to me. When I met you to-day I was battling with my invention to devise some means of leaving the place where you are without exciting suspicion. If you ever loved, have pity on me now; take the initiative, and rid me of yourself.'

'Is this your final decision, Blanche?' he asked, slowly. 'Will you not regret it when too late, and you are left alone with only *that*?'

She shuddered, and he caught at the fact as a sign of relenting.

'Dearest, loveliest,' he commenced.—'This woman had been the loveliest to him in days gone past, and though she was so terribly changed in eyes that regarded her less, Herbert Laurence, her once lover, could still trace above the languor and debility and distress of her present appearance, the fresh, sparkling woman who had sacrificed herself for his sake; and although his style of address signified more than he really felt for her, the knowledge of how much she had undergone since their separation had the power to make him imagine that this partial reanimation of an old flame was a proof that the fire which kindled it had never perished.—Therefore it did not appear absurd in his mental eyes to preface his appeal to Mrs. Damer thus: 'Dearest, loveliest——' but she turned upon as though he had insulted her.

'Mr. Laurence!' she exclaimed, 'I have told you that the past is past; be good enough to take me at my word. Do you think that I have lived over two years of solitary shame and grief, to break the heart that trusts in me *now*? If I had any wish, or any thought to the contrary, it would be impossible. I am enveloped by kind words and acts, by care and attention, which chain me as closely to my home as if I were kept a prisoner between four walls. I could not free myself if I would,' she continued, throwing back her arms, as though she tried to break an invisible thrall. 'I must die first; the cords of gratitude are bound about me so closely. It is killing me, as nothing else

could kill,' she added, in a lower voice. 'I lived under your loss, and the knowledge of my own disgrace; but I cannot live under his perpetual kindness and perfect trust. It cannot last much longer: for mercy's sake, leave me in peace until the end comes!'

'And the box?' he demanded.

'I will provide for the box before that time,' she answered, sadly; 'but if you have any fear, keep the key yourself: the lock is not one that can be forced.'

She took the key from her bosom, where it hung on a broad black ribbon, as she spoke, and handed it to him. He accepted it without demur.

'You are so rash,' he said; 'it will be safer with me: let me take the box also?'

'No, no!' said Mrs. Damer, hurriedly; 'you shall not; and it would be no use. If it were out of my sight, I should dream that it was found, and talk of it in my sleep. I often rise in the night now to see if it is safe. Nothing could do away with it. If you buried it, some one would dig it up; if you threw it in the water, it would float. It would lie still nowhere but on my heart, where it ought to be!—it ought to be!'

Her eyes had reassumed the wild, restless expression which they had took whilst speaking of the past, and her voice had sunk to a low, fearful whisper.

'This is madness,' muttered Herbert Laurence; and he was right. On the subject of the black box Mrs. Damer's brain was turned.

He was just about to speak to her again, and try to reason her out of her folly, when voices were heard merrily talking together in the hall, and her face worked with the dread of discovery.

'Go!' she said; 'pray, go at once. I have told you everything.' And in another moment Herbert Laurence had dashed through the passage to the privacy of his own room; and Mrs. Clayton, glowing from her drive, and with a fine rosy baby in her arms, had entered the apartment of her cousin.

(To be continued.)

GIPSY EYES.

GIPSY eyes, so dark and tender,
 Read not thus my inmost soul.
 Gipsy Beauty, in thy splendour,
 Of this heart accept the whole.
 Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
 Twined with braids of varied dyes—
 Thou who spurnest my caresses,
 Drink'st my soul up through thine eyes.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen, it needs but seeing.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Drain not thus my whole life's being!

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest;—
 Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me.
 Since to ashes thus thou burnest
 This poor heart unpityingly.
 Spare me, gipsy;—I adore thee—
 Dream of thee by night and day.
 As I bow me here before thee,
 Droop those lids and spare to slay.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—there's no gainsaying.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Spare thy lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—your soul-lit beaming
 Fills my spirit night and day;—
 Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
 Thy sweet presence haunts me aye:
 Though the dance's wildest measure
 I should seek to fly from thee,
 In the midst of mirth and pleasure
 Thy dark glance would follow me.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—I must adore thee.
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
 Wheresoe'er my steps may stray?
 Nought on earth could ever daunt me
 Could I bask 'neath you for aye:
 Pride might flaunt me—wealth might shun me:
 I no fairer fate would ask
 Than that your pure light should sun me,
 While in your sweet rays I bask.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 As your dark eyes burn above me,
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 In return, I pray thee love me.



MISS EYRE

GIPSY EYES.

GIPSY eyes, so dark and tender,
 Read not thus my innermost soul.
 Gipsy beauty, in thy splendour,
 Of this heart accept the whole.
 Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
 Twined with braids of varied dyes—
 Them who spurned my carresses,
 Drink't at my soul up through thine eyes.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen, it needs but seeing,
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Drain not thus my whole life's being.

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest;—
 Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me,
 Since to wish thus thou earnest
 This poor heart unprofitably.
 Spare me, gipsy;—I adore thee—
 Dream of thee by night and day.
 As I bow me here before thee,
 Dream those lids and spare to slay.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—there's no gaining;
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Spare the lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—just as it beaming
 Fills my spirit night and day;—
 Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
 Thy sweet presence haunts the eye:
 Though the dante's wildest measure
 I should seek to fly from thee,
 In the midst of mirth and pleasure
 Thy dark glance would follow me.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Thou art queen—I must adore thee;
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
 Whence'er my steps may stray?
 Nought on earth could ever damn me
 Could I bask 'neath you for aye:
 Pride might flout me—wealth might shame me:
 I no fairer fate would ask
 Than that your pure light should sun me,
 While in your sweet rays I bask.
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 As your dark eyes burn above me,
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 In return, I pray thee love me.



From the Painting by Guido Bozzi.]

GIPSY EYES.

[See the Poem.]

Gipsy eyes, in gipsy arehness,
 Reading thus this soul of mine—
 Driving hence all worldly starchness,
 You—and nature—are divine!
 On some breezy spread of heather,
 Scorning all the world may say,
 We will clasp our hands together—
 Live and love for good and aye!
 Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
 Subtle witchery possessing—
 Since to love thee is a duty,
 Sure to wed thee were a blessing!

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS.

THERE are travellers and travellers. What some men do in a wild and random way, from the love of novelty, adventure, and excitement, other men do in a very scientific and methodical way. Professor Agassiz, we need hardly say, is one of these, and his late work on Brazil is admirably done.* The illustrious Swiss savant is now a naturalized American, and professor at Cambridge University, U.S. He travelled under circumstances extraordinarily advantageous. In the first place, he had his wife with him, a luxury which cannot be achieved by every traveller. In the next place, he was franked, as to all his expenses, by a generous American citizen, zealous for the interests of science. We hold up this example to the enlightened emulation of our countrymen, and may cursorily mention that we ourselves desire to explore the Nile sources, after a scientific and exhaustive fashion. Furthermore, this greatly-to-be-commended citizen furnished M. Agassiz with a whole staff of competent assistants. In addition to all this M. Agassiz received every attention from all the Brazilians he encountered, from the emperor downwards. The expedition under such exceedingly favourable circumstances was, happily, attended by commensurate results.

* 'A Journey in Brazil.' By Professor Louis Agassiz. Trübner.

Professor Agassiz has really wonderful things to report, and his work will mark a new era in ichthyology. He found nearly two thousand species of ichthyological fauna. A single, small lake contained more species of fresh-water fish than all the rivers of Europe from the Tagus to the Volga. The Amazon contains twice as many specimens as the Mediterranean, and more than the whole Atlantic from pole to pole. Writing from Teffe, M. Agassiz gives his most marvellous entry: 'I had the most agreeable and unexpected surprise. The first fish brought to me was the acarà, and by an unlooked-for good fortune it was the breeding season, and it had its mouth full of little young ones in the process of development. Here then is the most incredible fact in embryology fully confirmed.' The professor discovered many specimens furnishing 'a complete embryological species, some of them having their eggs at the back of the gills. In examining these fishes, M. Agassiz (it is the wife who writes) has found that a special lobe of the brain sends large nerves to that part of the gills which protects the young; thus connecting the care of the offspring with the organ of intelligence.' Some of M. Agassiz's remarks must be rather disappointing to his Brazilian friends, rather disappointing also to British

holders of Brazilian bonds. The country develops slowly; the national debt is increasing; the Paraguayan war seems interminable. Slavery remains, though the slave-trade is supposed to be abolished. The mixture of races seems to have had a much more unfavourable result than in America. To quote photographic language, man is a spoilt negative. 'It is as if all clearness of type had been blurred, and the result is a vague compound, lacking character and expression.' As a specimen of the best literature of scientific travellings, to be compared with Darwin's '*Voyage of the Beagle*,' this work, in which we claim a common interest with our American cousins, must stand very high.

In Dr. Collingwood's account of his rambles by the shores of Chinese waters, we have another work which will take high rank in the literature of scientific travel.* Indeed, the literary interest is subordinate to the scientific interest, and there is more of scientific terminology than will be altogether pleasing to the general reader. Dr. Collingwood is a little mysterious in what he says about himself personally, and appears to give us to understand that his operations were more limited and curtailed by other people than was fair. He is a very acute and patient observer, and has made valuable additions to our knowledge of the fauna and flora of those regions. He hazarded the most serious sacrifices in the interests of science, for in its pursuit he would wade up to the neck in waters haunted by sharks and alligators. He ingenuously confesses, however, that 'the thoughts of them seldom left my mind quite free.' Dr. Collingwood does not give a very cheerful account of our colony of Labuan, which, some twelve years ago, was ceded to the British Government. The climate

is bad, trade is dull, and the coal, on which so much expectation existed, is of an inferior quality. On the other hand, those who have watched with interest the progress of Rajah Brooke's colony of Sarawak will be delighted to find how promising is this latest account of it. Miss Burdett Coutts' plantation is not indeed very flourishing. By some mismanagement land was purchased for her in an unfavourable district most remote from the aboriginal Dyak population whom she wished to benefit, but her agent is courageously struggling against his complication of difficulties. But civil war has ceased, and piracy has effectually been put down, and a desolated country has been made thriving, and 'every man sits under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid.' The Sarawak natives are not devoid of natural humour, as we gather from the mention of a little fact in natural history. 'Another little bird, having a note not unlike that of a yellow-hammer, was pointed out to me by the Malays as the alligator-bird, about which they had a legend to the effect that the alligators of the rivers were constantly demanding of it payment of a debt long due to them from its ancestors, to which the bird is supposed to reply, "I have nothing to give you except the feathers of my tail, and those you may have if you can get them;" a legend which seems intended to place their most dreaded enemy in a ridiculous light.' The water snakes swimming on the surface of the sea in Manila Bay are as curious as unpleasant. They are nearly all venomous, and have an evil habit of climbing into ships by the chains, and twining themselves round the legs of cabin passengers. The part of the work which relates to China is interesting. The author clears up much misconception in relation to the opium traffic, and shows that confirmed opium-eating is not so extensive or so destructive as hard-drinking in England. He partook of tea which cost ten guineas a pound, but he was not able to detect any superiority of flavour to account

* 'Rambles of a Naturalist on the Shores and Waters of the Chinese Sea: being Observations in Natural History during a Voyage to China, Formosa, Borneo, Singapore, etc., made in Her Majesty's vessels in 1866 and 1867.' By Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B. Murray.

for this superiority of price. Dr. Collingwood remarks on the beauty of the tropical midnight skies,—the Southern Cross, and the Magellanic Clouds, the wonderful nebula in Argo, and their accompanying clusters; but holds that our Northern sky is nothing inferior to the Southern, so far as regards richness in constellations. He gives a remarkable case of 'moon-blindness,' which lasted till next moon, which curiously illustrates the words 'the sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the moon by night.' In an animated description, he does full justice to that intense animation which always pervades the Canton river. His description of the moral life of the Chinese is to the last degree sad and depressing, and is to be set over against the favourable and much too highly-coloured accounts of other travellers. Even in Hong Kong, more European than Oriental, life is insecure in the broad noon-day, and hardly the smallest value is attached to human life throughout the country. Dr. Collingwood's zeal for knowledge does not seem to have persuaded him to partake of the national viands of dead rat and dog. His account of the Overland Route, and of his touching at St. Helena and Ascension, on the way home, though interesting, are too well-worn topics to need discussion.

Another work, with considerable pretensions to the title of scientific travel, is Mr. Boyle's 'Ride Across a Continent.*' His object was to investigate the antiquities of Nicaragua, which he has done in a manner sufficiently satisfactory, but his sketches of scenery and contemporary manners will be more popular reading. He states in a note that many boys are sent from Nicaragua to be educated in England, at Stonyhurst, which is so crowded with foreign boys as to have nothing English about it, except the locality. Mr. Boyle has a specialty for snakes and alligators, and these unpleasant animals really

* 'A Ride Across a Continent: a Personal Narrative of Wanderings through Nicaragua and Costa Rica.' By Frederick Boyle, F.R.G.S. Bentley.

make very pleasant reading. He gives an account of that rarest of reptiles, the *colebra de sangre*, or 'blood-snake.' The bite, in ten minutes' time, produces a sweat of blood. The entire blood of the person bitten exudes through the pores, and death comes in half an hour at the longest. On the other hand, the bite of the coral solidifies the blood. Mr. Boyle amusingly describes the cannibal fishes who harmlessly nibble at all comers.

His travelling experiences fill us with a sensation of envy. We can well understand the case of a quiet country clergyman, a few years ago, who after reading such descriptions set off for a tropical country in order to realize them, and then came home again. For instance: 'We left the forest region for a time, and entered the loveliest stretch of the "flower-prairie" that the fancy of man could conceive. Here and there was a great tree, standing by itself or in company with one or two others, and looking as if planted by man's hand. On every side of us, underfoot, overhead, and on either hand, were piles and stacks of blossom. They were heaped up as I never saw them before or since. Solid masses of leaf and flower, twisted and twined, of a hundred different species and colours, stood up twenty feet high all round, leaving smooth green alleys of grass between by which we rode along. All the conservatories of England could not have supplied such wild extravagancies of flowers, nor all the landscape gardeners in the world such dreamy order of confusion.' Mr. Boyle believes that the Anglo-American blood and the Spanish blood cannot subsist together on the same continent, and truly says that it requires no prophet to say which must 'go under.' He states, and we are glad to welcome the statement from one of Mr. Boyle's accuracy of information, that the Englishman, both collectively and individually, is almost sympathetic with the American of the States. The discovery of the cinerary urns and other antiquities is full of interest for the *savant*. Mr. Boyle believes that Central America will yet reveal the

most astounding discoveries to the antiquary; that there are dead cities concealed in unvisited regions, of far greater size and splendour than any yet known. Even now at times the startled traveller is brought face to face with sculptures of colossal boldness. Mr. Boyle has also some interesting allusions to the strange and indomitable race of the Guatusos, or White Indians, of the Rio Frio, of whom marvellous tales are told, and believes that they are probably descended from English buccaniers.

Mr. Chapman's prodigious volumes* remind us of an expression of Coleridge's on a verbose work, 'Sir, they are a continent of mud.' We have no right to call the work muddy, but there is something truly continental about its dimensions. The taste for travel at the present time runs very strongly in an African direction. We need hardly say, in reference to Abyssinian travel, that Mr. Murray's new edition of Mr. Mansfield Parkins' travels is the very best of the set, and can hardly be exceeded by Mr. Plowden's, or Mr. Stern's work, and that the papers read at the Royal Geographical Society are of a highly scientific character. Mr. Chapman's work is of a thoroughly genuine character. He himself is not in England, but, like Mr. Boffin, he keeps a literary man, who 'edits' him. The literary man, by his system of excision or non-excision, has spared the author's feelings rather than the reader's, and we never met a work which depended more on intrinsic merit than on any charm of composition. Mr. Chapman went out to get ivory, and although he procured a prodigious quantity, he seems to have been very hardly remunerated for his trouble and expenditure. The chief interest of the work belongs to the account of the large game. Mr. Chapman knew a man who killed fifteen lions in a single night. He knew another who could reckon up his thousand slain elephants.

* 'Travels in the Interior of South Africa; comprising Fifteen Years' Hunting and Trading.' By James Chapman, F.R.G.S. Bell & Daldy, and Edward Stanford.

The exploits of Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard are nothing to this. He says that ten tolerable marksmen, with rifles, could support an army of 1,000 men across any part of Africa where guns are not in general use. We wonder if Sir Robert Napier would endorse this statement. It seems that since Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami in 1849 it has been frequented by a crowd of traders, many of whom would secure a thousand pounds' worth of ivory for two hundred of goods. The natives can now drive a very good bargain for themselves, and haggle after the most approved European fashion. In another respect the Bushman approximates to a custom which is very frequent in civilized life. We are told that 'for the father-in-law, a young man always entertains a high regard, but after marriage he shuns his mother-in-law, never perhaps speaking to her again for the whole of his life.' Mr. Chapman confidently states a fact, which it would be quite worth while to establish, if possible; namely, that the oil of the black shark—the man-eating shark—is as good, if not better, than cod-liver oil. They are common enough. Mr. Chapman speared twenty-two in a quarter of an hour, and upwards of two hundred gallons of oil can be obtained from a single fish. He speaks strongly in favour of Gordon Cumming, whose narrative was much discredited when it first appeared. The natives, called Namaquas, are fond of strong drink beyond all records that have been preserved of that propensity. When they cannot get spirits they will manufacture a tea out of pepper, and even drink colodion out of the chemical box.

Mr. Chapman's strong conviction is that the establishment of a line of commercial stations across Southern Africa from sea to sea would be fraught with the most important social and commercial results. If the information brought by the German traveller, Herr Maunch, turns out to be correct, that there are goldfields, more extensive than those in California and Australia, in the neighbourhood of the Zambesi,

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there will be a migratory influx far vaster and more rapid than can be produced by any ordinary traffic. Herr Maunch is traversing Africa from Natal to the Mediterranean at the instance of the Geographical Society of Gotha. It is to be regretted that so little information is generally possessed in England of the progress of geographical investigation made under the auspices of foreign governments and learned societies. Mr. Chapman imparts a semi-scientific character to his book by a large appendix on the animals of Intertropical South Africa. We observe that Mr. Chapman, in a frank and unbiassed way, bears strong and constant testimony in favour of the missionaries, which must be set against some of the grudging statements of some members of the Anthropological Society. He mentions one important matter in which he dissents from the missionaries, that of polygamy. Bishop Colenso, if we remember aright, has also issued a publication holding the same views as Mr. Chapman. The missionaries tell the savages that they must put away their wives if they wish to be admitted to the status of Christians. The savages urge that they will be guilty of cruelty and ill faith if they abandon their plighted wives; that they will be exposing them to poverty and evil, and they talk about the polygamy of Abraham and David. There is a well-known story of a barbarian who, being told that he must put away his wives, solved the theological difficulty by eating them all except his favourite. We almost think the missionaries might condescend to this weakness of polygamy at the outset, trusting to the growth of principle eventually to exterminate the custom.

THE CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

If you make up your mind to be a fashionable physician, and really intend to aim at the topmost boughs of the profession, the first point to settle is whether you mean to live north or south of Oxford Street. I do not say that commanding ability will not win its way in Queen Anne Street or Henrietta Street, but it is a medical axiom that you ought to

be as near as you can to Grosvenor Square. How sweet are those earliest guineas which the commencing physician takes! I have known the good fellows who will write you a cheque, almost to any amount, for some cause dear to their heart, but who would absolutely refuse on any terms to part with one of those particular guineas. How exultingly they gloat over the little pyramid that rises, oh! so very slowly, perhaps under a glass cover or in some cherished receptacle. Those first thirty or forty guineas are destined, believe me, to no petty or vulgar use. They will be set aside for some sacred purpose. They are meant for some substantial present to father and mother, for a watch for a sister or a future bride, or perhaps for the wedding ring and the wedding tour. How pleasant it is to lounge away mornings with such men, brimful with science and wit and health and hope—men who must stay at home that they may not lose the chance of a patient, and yet with not much danger that they will suffer from that happiest of interruptions. And when they are so gloriously interrupted there is perhaps a little pardonable affectation of delay in order to convey the impression that they are very much engaged and winning their way to eminence at a tremendous rate. Yet they will own to me that their progress is very slow without being very sure, and will sigh for the distant sound of that river of guineas which will rapidly overflow the little drawer, and will have to be carried off once a week to Coutts's. They sometimes forget that now is their happy prime and glorious period of leisure, with the very best opportunity for study and experiment, not to mention that now is the time when they can get up little dinner-parties at Greenwich, and frequent their clubs, and have stalls at the Opera, and take a long holiday on the Continent. *O fortunati nimium bona si sua norint.*

But, as Thackeray says, 'wait till you come to forty year.' Fifteen years have passed away, so interminable in the prospect, so rapid in retrospect, and my whilom friend, who when he began to practice had

so much of the rich, wild aroma of medical-student life about him, and groaned over his enforced leisure, and who made a pantomimic gesture of delight as he added another guinea to the magic store, is now a consulting physician of high repute. I go to call on Smith. I call him Smith because long experience of the world has shown me that the Smiths are a much more acute and able set of men than the Brownses, Joneses, and Robinsons. I find out afterwards what a very busy man Smith is. He goes to bed late, and yet he has to get up early to write. I wonder whether he ever does anything at poetry, or takes a turn at that contemplated domestic drama which was to appear at the Olympic. No! Smith has business of the most serious possible kind, which will tax all his powers to the utmost. He is a really worthy man, a man of high scientific character, which will perhaps stand still higher on a future day; not a heartless quack of the St. John Long kind, nor any fashionable humbug wafted into eminence by the caprice of the hour. He will have to write for hours before breakfast; letters to provincial practitioners who have sent him patients; letters to old patients who have written to him for fresh instructions; letters to unknown correspondents who are resorting to him through the imperfect medium of the post. Then till lunch-time he has to wait for the consulting patients, and then till dinner-time he has to drive out and make his calls, and after dinner he can never call his time his own, for he may have to attend some urgent case or unexpectedly be summoned into the country, and even in the midst of hard-earned repose the night-bell may suddenly sound its alarm. In the midst of such cares there is the racking feeling that, humanly speaking, the issues of life and death are depending upon him. One of those unaccountable oversights which sometimes happen to the most wary and a life may be sacrificed; a sudden, happy thought and a remedy may be chosen which will act with the charm of a specific. 'And let me tell you, my dear fellow,' said Smith, 'that this kind of fluke or

inspiration does sometimes happen to a fellow. There was a poor lady whom I used to attend who suffered from a frightful pain entirely out of our reach, a kind of case which probably had no precise parallel in England at the time; and suddenly one day a thought came into my mind that a particular medicine, whose action I could not even explain to myself, would act in her case like a specific, and by Jove! sir, so it did.' For my own part I wonder that medical men are not a wild and haggard set, instead of being, as a rule, so exceedingly composed and urbane. I must say to Smith's credit that he certainly looks rather haggard, and his brilliant laugh, which was once an illustrious institution, is now quite gone, and he now smiles seldom and smiles rather sadly.

About noon I call at Smith's house. A most decorous servant in black, with an extraordinary command of facial muscles that enables him to assume an expression of gentle condolence, ushers me into the waiting-room, which is marked off by a folding-door from the consulting-room. There are about a dozen persons waiting. One or two of them are dead men, that is, positive incurables. Others are dead men in a much milder sense, in the sense that they will bring no profit to Dr. Smith. One is an author making his thousand a year, but though well able to pay, Dr. Smith will follow the wholesome rule of not taking a fee from a literary man. There is no similar rule in the case of that hard-worked curate, but nevertheless Dr. Smith will take no fee from him. Neither in the case of that hectic, consumptive-looking girl, of the governess class, will any fee be taken. A mere fee has ceased to be a matter of importance or even of interest to Dr. Smith. Of course the aggregate of fees is enormously important to him, but a single fee, or a few fees more or less, will be of a very slender consideration to him. In the case of the incurables I have mentioned, let it not be thought that their visit to the consulting physician will be of no avail, for he will assure them all the arts and appliances by which

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distressing symptoms may be modified and life be rendered more tolerable and prolonged. Now this large waiting-room is of a heavy kind, in a heavy street, and with heavy furniture. The scarlet cover of the last number of 'London Society' strikes brilliantly through the gloom. Some of those who are waiting appear to be sad enough, but others are so cheerful and conversational that their ailments must be light indeed, or perhaps they are only attending on behalf of invalid friends. There is some little murmuring of discontent, for a man has been closeted with the doctor for the last three-quarters of an hour. His case is a very complicated one, and the doctor will not be hurried in his diagnosis. Then one or two cases are disposed of with what appears to be incredible rapidity, but they are perfectly plain to the doctor, and the patients have the perfect confidence that they will get whatever time they really require.

Smith calls me in. As the folding-door opens, there is a slight murmur of dissatisfaction from a military man who has been waiting impatiently during all the time that the obscure case has been undergoing investigation.

'This is not a medical visit,' said Smith, in courteous explanation to the army man, 'and you shall not be detained five minutes.' Then Smith grasped me heartily by the hand. 'Up to the eyes in business, old fellow,' said he, 'but so very glad to see you! Rather different from the first three years, when all my guineas clubbed together hardly bought Lucy her watch.' Then came a lot of hurried questions. I rose to go, and I noted that Smith had an eye upon his watch all this time. 'We have only had three minutes,' said Smith, glancing at the hand, 'and there are two more to spare.' I had no idea that so much talking might be compressed into two minutes. 'But come and dine here to-night. Seven.'

I am there sharp at seven. I don't suppose that Smith is one of those unsatisfactory seven for eight sort of people. Mrs. Smith (or Bella Dale that was) receives me, and says her husband will be in

directly. So he is; rather anxious-looking and jaded. He is not altogether acclimatised to this sort of work, but that will come by-and-by. He caresses his children, and affectionately smooths his wife's hair. Now this is the most extraordinary thing of all. That afternoon Smith had been attending some desperate fever cases—typhus and scarlatina—and a case of small-pox. And yet his wife rejoices in that loving touch, and his children will not be restrained from his caresses. I wonder if Lucy Smith feels quite comfortable. I wonder if Smith himself does. Smith afterwards owns to me that at times he feels a little uneasy; but he takes every precaution, and knows that he is doing his duty; he trusts to Providence, and keeps his powder dry. I am the first to arrive; but Mrs. Smith tells me that they have a few friends. 'We often have a few friends,' said Lucy; 'he says that a pleasant little dinner-party freshens him up, and is a most enjoyable part of the day.'

We go down to dinner. It is laid in the large dining-room where I saw all the visitors that morning. That heavy room is transformed into a blaze of light and splendour. How odd and grim is life, so hard and violent in its ever-recurring contrasts! *Exit* a crew of spectres, and *enter* a crew of revellers! There, in that part of the room where the hectic governess sat, is a beautiful young creature in high health, and with a glowing expression of happiness. As she raises her glass of champagne to her lips, she is a fairy embodiment of the health and prosperity of this world. There is the great Sir Ralston Taylor. He was the great Court physician once, with an enormous practice, but his day is almost over now, and he is heartily glad that such should be the case. He is a fine example of what judicious self-preservation will accomplish. If people only understood the art of self-preservation, there would be no need to consult physicians. There is also a very rising surgeon present, who has recently gained immortal glory by inventing the most horrible kind of operation which it could ever enter into the

human mind to conceive. Sir Ralston tells us one of his Court anecdotes. 'One day,' he says, 'I was driving with King George IV. into the country, and we passed a fine-looking mansion, with a neat lodge and trim gardens. There was something odd and indefinable about the mansion. "Taylor," said the King, "that is the very place for a mad asylum." And would you believe it,' added Sir Ralston, 'I found upon inquiry that it *was* a mad asylum!'

The anecdote was mild; but we like Sir Ralston's Court stories, especially one that does honour to the royal discernment. Then the great surgeon told a story about Abernethy. It is very odd, but did you ever spend an evening with a set of medical men without hearing a story about Abernethy? I almost think I can defy you to say you have. It shows that he was a great and good man; and also what remarkable force of character he possessed, that he has so permanently taken possession of the medical mind. I asked Smith about the army man, the consideration of whose case I had for a few minutes retarded that morning. 'A case of approximate *del. trem.*,' Smith explains. 'Knocked him off to a pint-bottle of bitter beer, and two glasses of sherry *per diem*. A man of clubs and messes; always in a state of brandy and soda: begins to hear noises and see serpents. Told him to go down into the country and see his old father.' I ask Smith, rather seriously, whether he will come right again by-and-by. Smith thinks that the chances are about five hundred to one against him. 'A man like that has got no bones in his character,' explains Smith. 'Soddened and sottish, he has sapped all powers of mind and strength of resolution. He will pick up for a few months, perhaps, but in reality he was the saddest of all the cases I had this morning, and some of them were very distressing.'

I have had several talks with Smith since about the people who consult him. They are not all sad cases. It is a savage satisfaction to him, he says, when people come to him whose real error is over-eating

and over-drinking, to act in accordance with Abernethy's savage prescription, although he is obliged to use a more conciliatory mode. So also he is pleased to pay a daily visit to a certain rich old dowager. She is not ill, and she hardly thinks she is ill; but she cannot forego the satisfaction of a daily chat with her doctor, to whom she punctually hands a brace of guineas. This is not so bad as what the 'Saturday Review' mentioned the other day, of a physician taking his fifteen guineas for each such visit. Then again, there are some hypochondriacs who are not really ill, but make themselves just as wretched as if they were. Then again, there are some gentle chronic cases, of an interesting and even *quasi*-poetical nature, and who would almost be loath to lose the ailments which confer so many privileges. They are something like the old gentleman who, having a long painless illness, declared that he had never been truly happy and comfortable till then, and announced his intention of keeping his bed or his room for the rest of his life. There are many graver cases, on which I do not care to dwell. Mr. Warren, in his 'Diary of a Late Physician,' says there are cases so horrible, that the man who hears of them might almost fall on his knees and pray that he might forget. Once I thought that this was an exaggeration, but I hardly think so now.

DIARY NOTES.

The great political event of late was unquestionably the Irish debate. This particular Irish question, which after diamembering cabinets and upsetting the country had quietly gone asleep for a whole generation, is now once more awakening into fierce life. It is a question exceedingly well calculated to popularize the study of politics, in the higher meaning of that much-abused term. Many persons also to whom mere politics would not be attractive, will be attracted by the historical and semi-religious interest belonging to this subject. Mr. Gladstone's course will be productive of many advantages. It has simplified matters.

It has cleared the decks for action. It has raised a sharp, intelligible issue for the hustings. It has reduced into form the chaotic masses of party. It has turned the 'rabble' into a trained militia. It has reconciled the Liberal party and their illustrious leader on the basis of a common object and a comprehensive policy. It will also show the Conservative party that conservatism, and not the out-liberalising the Liberals is, after all, their most important political function, and I imagine that many observers among those who try to look far into the future will discern that this will be their chief work for many years to come.

Here is the tocsin clearly sounded for the general election. That election will probably not change the aspect of the House of Commons to a greater extent than was the case at the last general election, just before Lord Palmerston's death, when the changes were really very considerable. It will be a long time before King Demos will clearly recognize all the royalty that has been thrust upon him. In the mean time we hope to soothe him and regulate him and educate him and soften his manners, nor suffer him to become brutal. But when he finds his strength he will use it, and when he gets into a certain groove it will be difficult to resist him. I do not here argue out this vexed question of the Irish church. But its abolition will be the sliding on to a new groove, an unchaining of forces which will continue their energetic work. As soon as the cry that the church in Ireland is the church of a minority has done its work, we shall have the cry that in England the church is the church of a minority. Perhaps the church can better do without the state than the state without the church. The union of church and state exists not that the church may become political, but that the state may become religious. The ultimate tendencies of things point to a conflict not only, as in times past, against a hereditary chamber and a hereditary crown, but against capital, skilled labour, and more important things still. The Conservative party

has got their work marked out for them through the next generation.

One is very glad to find two opera-houses open, after all, this season. Mr. Gye has for years acted so admirably in every respect that, for his own sake, we should have been glad if a transfer of his property to Mr. Mapleson's company could have been effected. After so many years' active work it is only natural that he should desire to retire, and whenever Mr. Gye does retire, he may be sure that he carries with him the warmest wishes from all sorts of friends. One will in vain scan his programme for the season to discover any sign of weakness. The arrangements are as promising, and no doubt will be as perfect, as they have ever been. Whatever may be our private feeling for Mr. Gye, in the public interest we are glad that we have the wholesome competition of two opera-houses. Mr. Mapleson deserves, and will be assured of all possible sympathy and support, and under his auspices once more the glories of old Drury may revive.

I have been glancing through Mr. Disraeli's novel, 'The Young Duke.' Mr. Disraeli created a duke in fiction once, but now, if he likes, he can create one in reality. It is full of affectation and absurdity, but the writing is always brilliant, and the vitality displayed is enormous. *Query*—Was Mr. Disraeli the author of the suppressed novel, 'Almack's'? In his preface of 1853 Mr. Disraeli calls it an 'attempt to portray the fleeting manners of a somewhat frivolous age,' and if the transcript is faithful, it will not be without a fragmentary portion of historic value. Manners are indeed fleeting, for even in this novel there is something old-fashioned and even archaic. I have marked a passage, where I find Mr. Disraeli moralizing thus: 'I am one, though young, yet old enough to know Ambition is a demon, and I fly from what I fear. And Fame has eagle wings, yet she mounts not so high as man's desires. When all is gained how little then is won! And yet to gain that little how much is lost!'

'BONES AND I;' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUS IN URBE.

'*Romæ Tibur Amem, ventosus, Tibure Romam!*' quoth the Latin satirist, ridiculing his own foibles, like his neighbour's, with the laughing, half-indulgent banter that makes him the pleasantest, the chattiest, and the most companionable of classic writers. How he loved the cool retirement of his Sabine home, its grassy glades, its hanging woodlands, its fragrant breezes wandering and whispering through those summer slopes, rich in the countless allurements of a landscape that—

'Like Albunea's echoing fountain,
All my inmost heart hath ta'en;
Give me Anio's headlong torrent,
And Tiburnus' grove and hills,
And its orchards sparkling dewy,
With a thousand wimpling rills.'

as Theodore Martin translates his Horace, or thus, according to Lord Ravensworth—

'Like fair Albunea's sybil-haunted hall,
By rocky Anio's echoing waterfall,
And Tibur's orchards and high-hanging wood,
Reflected graceful in the whirling flood.'

His lordship, you observe, who can himself write Latin lyrics as though he had drunk with Augustus, and capped verses with Ovid, makes the second syllable of Albunea long; and a very diffuse argument might be held on this disputed quantity. Compare these with the original, and say which you like best—

'*Quam domus Albuneæ resonante,
Et præcepit Anio Tiburni lucus et unda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*

By the way, nobody who has not endeavoured to render Latin poetry into English can appreciate the vigour and terseness of the older language. Here are six lines in the one version and four in the other, required to translate three of the original, perhaps without producing

after all so full a meaning or so complete a picture.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding his poetical predilections for the country, Horace, like many other people, seems of his two homes to have always preferred the one at which he was *not*. An unhappy prejudice little calculated to enhance the comfort and content of daily life.

Had he settled anywhere in the neighbourhood of our hermitage here, he need not have accused himself of this fickle longing, which he denounces by the somewhat ludicrous epithet of '*ventosæ*.' He might have combined the advantages of town and country, alternating the solitude of the desert with the society of his fellow-men, blowing the smoke out of his lungs while inhaling the fresh breezes off the Serpentine, stretching his own limbs and his horses' by walks and rides round Battersea, Victoria, and Hyde Parks.

If you look for *rus in urbe*, where will you find it in such perfection as within a mile of the Wellington Statue in almost any direction you please to take? If you choose to saunter on a hot June day towards the Ranger's Lodge, or the powder magazine, I could show you a spot from which I defy you to see houses, spires, gas-towers, or chimneys, anything, indeed, but green grass and blue sky, and towering elms motionless, in black massive shade, or quivering in golden gleams of light. A spot where you might lie and dream of nymph and faun, woodgod and satyr, Daphne pursued by Phœbus, Actæon flying before Diana, of Pan and Syrinx and Echo, and all the rustic joys of peaceful Arcady—or of elves and brownies, fair princesses and cruel

monsters, Launcelot, Mordred, and Caradac, Sir Gawain the courteous with his 'lothely ladye,' the compromising cup, the misfitting mantle, all the bright pageantry, quaint device, and deep tender romance that groups itself round good King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table, or of Thomas the Rhymer as he lay at length under the 'linden tree,' and espied, riding towards him on a milk-white palfrey, a dame so beautiful, that he could not but believe she was the mother of his lord, till undeceived by her own confession, he won from her the fatal gift of an unearthly love. And here, perhaps, you branch off into some more recent vision, some dream of an elfin queen of your own, who also showed you the path to heaven, and gave you an insight into the ways of purgatory, ere she beckoned you down the road to Fairyland, that leads—ah! who knows where? From this sequestered nook you need not walk a bow-shot to arrive at the sea-board of the Serpentine; and here, should there be a breath of air, if you have any taste for yachting, you may indulge it to your heart's content. The glittering water is dotted with craft of every rig and, under a certain standard, of almost every size. Yawls, cutters, schooners, barques, brigs, with here and there a three-masted ship. On a wind and off a wind, close-hauled and free, rolling, pitching, going about, occasionally missing stays, and only to be extricated from the 'doldrums' by a blundering, over-eager water-dog; the mimic fleet on its mimic ocean carries out its illusion so completely that you can almost fancy the air off the water feels damp to your forehead and tastes salt upon your lips.

An ancient mariner who frequents the bench below the boat-house feels, I am convinced, thoroughly persuaded that his occupation is strictly professional, that he is himself a necessity, not of amusement, but business. He will tell you that when the wind veers round like that, 'suddenways, off Kensington Gardens, you may look out for squalls;' that 'last Toosday

was an awful wild night, and some on 'em broke from their moorings, afore he could turn out. The "Bellerophon," bless ye, was as nigh lost as could be, and that there "Water Lily," the sweetest thing as ever swam—she sprang her boom, damaged her bowsprit, and broke her nose. He was refitting all Wen'sday, he was, up to two o'clock, and a precious job he had!

Every one who constantly 'takes his walks abroad,' in the Great City, becomes a philosopher in spite of himself, of the Peripatetic School, no doubt, but still a philosopher; so you sympathise mildly with the mariner's troubles; for to you no human interests are either great or small, nor does one pursuit nor person bore you more than another. You hazard an opinion, therefore, that the 'Water Lily' is somewhat too delicate and fragile a craft to encounter boisterous weather, even on such an inland sea as this, and find, to your dismay, that so innocent an observation stamps you in his opinion as not only ignorant, but presumptuous. He considers her both 'wholesome,' as he calls it, and 'weatherly,' urging on you many considerations of sea-worthiness, such as her false keel, her bulwarks, her breadth of beam, and general calibre. 'Why, she's seven-and-twenty,' says he, rolling a peppermint lozenge round his tongue, just as a real seaman turns a quid; 'now look at the "Sea-serpent" lying away to the eastward yonder, just beyond the point where the gravel's been washed adrift. She's fifty-two, she is, but I wouldn't trust her, not in lumpy water, you know, like the schooner. No. If I was a building of one now, what I call, for all work and all weathers, thirty would be my mark, or from that to thirty-five at the outside!'

'Thirty-five what? Tons?' you ask, a little abashed and feeling you have committed yourself.

'Tons!' he repeats, in a tone of intense disgust—'tons be blowed! h' inches! I should have thought any landsman might ha' knowed that—h' inches!' and lurching sulkily into his cabin under the willow-tree, disappears to be seen no more.

Later, when September has begun to tinge the topmost twigs with gold, and autumn, like a beautiful woman, then indeed, at her loveliest, who is just upon the wane, dresses in her deepest colours, and her richest garments, go roaming about in Kensington Gardens, and say whether you might not fancy yourself a hundred miles from any such evidences of civilization as a pillar-post or a cab-stand.

It was but the other day, I sauntered through the grove that stands nearest the Uxbridge Road, and while an afternoon mist limited my range of vision and deadened the sounds of traffic on my ears, I could hardly persuade myself that in less than five minutes I might if I liked make the thirteenth in an omnibus.

Alone? you ask—of course I was. Yet, stay, not quite alone, for with me walked the shadow, that, when we have learned to prefer solitude to society, accompanies us in all our wanderings, teaching us, I humbly hope, the inevitable lesson, permanent and precious in proportion to the pain with which the poor scholar gets his task by heart.

Well—I give you my word, the endless stems, the noiseless solitude, the circumscribed horizon reminded me of those forest ranges in North America that stretch interminable from the waters of the St. Ann's and the Batacon, to the wild waves breaking dark and sullen on the desert sea-board of Labrador.

I am not joking. I declare to you I was once more in mocassins, blanket-coat, and *bonnet-rouge*, with an axe in my belt, a pack on my shoulders, and a rifle in my hand, following the track of the *trebor-gons** on snow-shoes, in company with Thomas, the French Canadian, and François, the Half-breed, and the Huron Chief with a name I could never pronounce, that neither I, nor any man alive can spell. Ah! it was a merry life we led on those moose-hunting expeditions, in spite of hard work, hard fare, and, on occasion, more than a sufficiency of

the discomfort our retainers called expressively *misère*. There was a strange charm in the marches through those silent forests, across those frozen lakes, all clothed alike in their winter robe of white and diamonds. There was a bold, free, joyous comfort in the hole we dug through a yard and a half of snow, wherein to build our fire, boil our kettle, fry our pork (it is no use talking of such things to you, but I was going to say, never forget a frying-pan on these expeditions; it is worth all the kitchen-ranges in Belgravia), to smoke our tobacco, ay, and to take our rest.

There was something of sweet adventurous romance in waking at midnight to see the stars flash like brilliants through the snow-crowned branches overhead, wondering vaguely where and why and what were all those countless worlds of flame. Perhaps to turn round again and dream of starry eyes in the settlements, then closed in sleep, or winking drowsily at a night-light, while the pretty watcher pondered, not unmindful of ourselves, pitying us, it may be, couching here in the bush and thinking in her ignorance how cold we were!

Then when we reached our hunting-ground and came up with our game at last, though truth to tell, the sport as sport was poor enough, there was yet a wild delightful triumph in overtaking and slaying a gigantic animal that had never seen the face of man. The chase was exciting, invigorating, bracing; the idea grand, heroic, Scandinavian.

'An elk came out of the pine-forest;

He snuffed up east, he snuffed up west,

Stealthy and still;

His mane and his horns were shaggy with snow,

I laid my arrow across my bow,

Stealthily and still;

The bow-string rattled—the arrow flew,

And it pierced his blade-bone through and through,

Hurrah!

I sprang at his throat like a wolf of the wood,

And I dipped my hands in the smoking blood,

Hurrah!

Kingsley had not written 'Hypatia' then. Kingsley never went moose-hunting in his life. How could he so vividly describe the gait and bearing of a forest-elk stalking warily,

* A narrow board, on which provisions, &c., are packed, to be dragged through the woods on these expeditions in the snow.

doubtfully, yet with a kingly pride through his wintry haunts? Probably from the instinctive sense of fitness, the intuition peculiar to poets, that enabled him to feel alike with a fierce Goth sheltering in his snow-trench, and a soft, seductive southern beauty, languishing, lovely and beloved, in spite of dangerous impulses and tarnished fame, in spite of wilful heart, reckless self-abandonment, woman weakness, and the fatal saffron shawl.

I tell you that I could not have been more completely alone in Robinson Crusoe's island than I found myself here within a rifle-shot of Kensington Palace, during a twenty minutes' walk, to and fro, up and down, threading the stems of those tall, metropolitan trees; nor when my solitude was at last disturbed could I find it in me to grudge the intruders their share of my retreat. More especially as they were themselves thoroughly unconcerned of everything but their own companionship, sauntering on, side by side, with murmured words, and loving looks, and steps that dwelt and lingered on the path, because that impossible roses seemed springing into bloom beneath their very feet, and that for them Kensington Gardens were indeed as the gardens of Paradise.

I knew right well for me the mist was gathering round, ghostly and damp and chill. It struck through my garments, it crept about my heart, but for those, thank God! the sky was bright as a Midsummer noon. They were basking in the warmth and light of those gleams that come once or twice in a life-time to remind us of what we might be, to reproach us, perhaps, gently for what we are. They did not speak much, they laughed not at all. Their conversation seemed a little dull, trite, and commonplace, yet I doubt if either of them has forgotten a word of it yet. It was pleasant to observe how happy they were; and I am sure they thought it was to last for ever. Indeed, I wish it may!

But the reflections of a man on foot are to those of a man on horseback as the tortoise to the hare,

the mouse to the lion, tobacco to opium, chalk to cheese, prose to poetry.

'As moonshine is to sunshine, and as water is to wine.'

Get into the saddle, leap on a thoroughbred horse if you have got one. Never mind his spoiling you for every other animal of meaner race, and come for a 'spin' up the Ride from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Gate, careful only to steady him sufficiently for the safety of Her Majesty's subjects, and the inquisition, not very rigorous, of the policemen on duty. For seven months in the year at least this is perhaps the only mile and a half in England over which you may gallop without remorse for battering legs and feet to pieces on the hard ground. Away you go, the breeze lifting your whiskers from the very roots (I forgot, you have no whiskers, nor indeed would such superfluities be in character with the severe style of your immortal beauty). Never mind, the faster you gallop the keener and cooler comes the air. Sit well down, just feel him on the curb, let him shake his pretty head and play with his bridle, sailing away with his hind legs under your stirrup-irons, free, yet collected, so that you could let him out at speed, or have him back in a canter within half a dozen strides; pat him lovingly just where the hair turns on his glossy neck like a knot in polished wood-work, and while he bends to meet the caress, and bounds to acknowledge it, tell me that dancing is the poetry of motion if you dare!

Should I not be the London season—and I am of opinion that the *rus in urbe* is more enjoyable to both of us at the 'dead time of year' than during the three fashionable months—do not, therefore, feel alarmed that you will have the ride to yourself, or that if you come to grief there will be nobody to pick you up! Here you will meet some Life-Guardsman 'taking the nonsense' out of a charger he hates; there some fair girl, trim of waist, blue of habit, and golden of chignon, giving her favourite 'a breather,' ready

and willing to acknowledge that she is happier, thus, speeding along in her side-saddle, than floating round a ball-room to Cote and Tinney's softest strains with the best waltzer in London for a partner.

But your horse has got his blood up, and you yourself feel that rising within, which reminds you of the merry youthful days, when everything in life was done, so to speak, at a gallop. You long to have a lark—you cannot settle down without a jump or two at least. You look wistfully at the single iron rail that guards the footway, but refrain: and herein you are wise. Nevertheless, you shall not be disappointed; you have but to jog quietly out of the Park, through Queen's Gate, turning thereafter to your right, and within a quarter of a mile you shall find what you require. Yes, in good truth, our *rus in urbe*, to be the more complete, is not without a little hunting-ground of its own. Mr. Blackman has laid out a snug enclosure, walled in on all sides and remote from observation, where man and horse may disport themselves with no more fear of being crowded and jostled than in Launde Woods or Rockingham Forest during the autumnal months. Here you will find every description of fence in miniature, neat and new and complete, like the furniture in a doll's baby-house—a little hedge, a little ditch, a little double, and a very little gate, cunningly constructed on mechanical principles so as to let you off easily should you tamper with its top bar, the whole admirably adapted to encourage a timid horse or steady a bold one.

All this is child's-play, no doubt—the merest child's play, compared with the real thing. Yet there is much in the association of ideas, and a round or two over this mimic country cannot but bring back to you the memory of the merriest, ay, and the *happiest*, if not the *sweetest* moments of your life. Mounted, with a good start, in a grass country, after a pack of fox-hounds, there is no discord in the melody, no bitter in the cup—your keenest anxiety, the soundness of the

level water-meadow, your worst misgiving the strength of the farther rail, the width of the second ditch. The goddess of your worship bids your pulses leap and your blood thrill, but never makes your heart ache, and the thorns that hedge the roses of Diana can only pierce skin-deep.

Wasn't it glorious, though you rode much heavier then than you do now,—wasn't it glorious, I say, to view a gallant fox going straight away from Lilburne, Loatland Wood, Shankton Holt, John-o'-Gaunt, or any covert you please to name that lies in the heart of a good-scenting, fair-fenced, galloping country? Yourself, sheltered and unseen, what keen excitement to mark his stealing, easy action, gliding across the middle of the fields, nose, back, and brush, carried in what geometricians call a 'right' line, to lead you over what many people would call a 'serious' one! A chorus ringing from some twenty couple of tongues becomes suddenly mute, and the good horse beneath you trembles with delight while the hounds pour over the fence that bounds the covert, scattering like a conjuror's pack of cards, ere they converge in the form of an arrow, heads and sterns down, racing each other for a lead, and lengthening out from the sheer pace at which a burning scent enables them to drive along!

They have settled to it now. You may set to and ride without compunction or remorse. A dozen fields, as many fences, a friendly gate, and they have thrown their heads up in a lane. Half-a-score of sportsmen, one plastered with mud, and the huntsman, now come up; you feel conscious, though you know you are innocent, that *he* thinks you have been driving them! You remark, also, that there is more red than common in the men's faces and the horses' nostrils, both seem to be much excited and a little blown.

The check, however, is not of long duration. Fortunately, the hounds have taken the matter in hand for themselves, ere the only person qualified to do so has had time

to interfere. *Rhapsody*, as he calls her, puts her nose down and goes off again at score. You scramble out of the lane, post-haste, narrowly escaping a fall. Your horse has caught his wind with that timely pull. He is going as bold as a lion, as easy as a bird, as steady as a rock. You seem to have grown together, and move like one creature to that long swinging stride, untiring and regular as clock-work. A line of grass is before you, a light east wind in your face, two years' condition and the best blood of Newmarket in his veins render you confident of your steed's enduring powers, while every field as he swoops over it, every fence as he throws it lightly behind him, convinces you more and more of his speed, mettle, and activity. What will you have? The pleasures of imagination, at least, are unlimited. Shall it be two-and-twenty minutes up wind and to ground as hard as they can go? Shall it be thirty-five without another check, crossing the best of the Vale, and indulging the good

horse with never a pull till you land in the field where old *Rhapsody* with flashing eyes and bristles all on end, runs into her quarry, rolling him over and herself with him, to be buried in the rush of her eager worrying followers? Would you prefer twelve miles from point to point, accomplished in an hour and a half, comprising every variety of country, every vicissitude of the chase, and ending only when the crows are hovering and swooping over a staunch, courageous, travel-wearied fox, holding on with failing strength but all-undaunted spirit for the forest that another mile would reach but that he is never to see again. You may take your choice. Holloa! he has disappeared!—he has taken refuge in his cupboard. Not even such a skeleton as mine can sustain the exorcism of so powerful a spell as fox-hunting! So be it! Who-whoop! Gone to ground? I think we will leave him there for the present. It is better not to dig him out!

MY LADY DISDAIN.

Waiting for her Carriage.

MY Lady Disdain, are you dreaming, forsooth,
Or of what are you thinking; the love and the truth
In the drama whose music still rings in your ears?
Of the Lammermuir Bride, of her terrors and tears?
Of the soul's young devotion, its joy and its pain?
'Pooh! fiddlestick's end,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Though a poem be nonsense, still see you no flaws
In a train like a peacock's and boots like his claws?
Though a chignon delights, might not something be said
Worth a hearing at least for the inside the head?
Such as told of the Shield and the tender Elaine?
'My shield's on my heart,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

My Lady Disdain, are you sure you are right?
Where those braids stray so soft, where that lace falls so light,
Underlies there no hint of the first silvered hair,
Which grows pale at the touch of the finger of care?
If around you young Hope should be winding a chain——
'I would snap it to atoms!' quoth Lady Disdain.

That poor younger son you betrayed with a smile?
Did you never relent; were you happy the while?
If your heart has gone wrong, has mistaken its track,
Looking straight into space will not bring it you back.
When he quits you that heart will be breaking again.
'I mean it to break,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

When he wooes in his youth some bright daughter of tears,
While you wither away in your passionless years,
Oh! what will your thought be when musing alone
O'er the wreck of your beauty thus worthless and flown?
When you count up the sum by the loss and the gain——
'What I gain I'll not lose,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

When you pass them both by on the luminous stair,
You with curl on your lip, she with curls in her hair
Unborrowed as beauty, as honour unsold,
Taking flowers for his heart-gifts and love for his gold;
And you waiting, and waiting, and waiting in vain——
'There's a coronet, see!' quoth my Lady Disdain.

My lord he may jilt you, or, granted you wed,
There are sighs to be gathered, hot tears to be shed;
Will he mingle his sighing, or weep with the eyes
Which but melted to rivet and chained him with lies?
Can the broken ring ever be soldered again?
'It will bind round a purse,' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Glance behind you; yon pillar with symbols is rife,
There are serpents that creep up the pillar of life.
Down, down with your pride, let it roll in the dust,
From your lip turn the taunt, from your heart raze the rust;
With one wrench break the coils of the serpent in twain!——
'Did you speak?' rejoined coolly my Lady Disdain.

Are you really so hard? Is there nothing will move
Your body to meekness, your spirit to love?
When you sing is there really no *larmes dans le voix*,
When your eyes glare so bright is it all *feu de joie*?
Ah! you smile; like a child you are playing again——
'At "catch as catch can,"' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Now heaven grant me patience! Your once heart is gone;
Your smiles are a mockery and soul you have none.
Who will linger beside you when age shall draw near,
Who will smooth your lone pillow or dry your last tear?
Who befriend you, I ask you again and again?
'I don't care a rush!' quoth my Lady Disdain.

Beware, oh! beware of so reckless a phrase,
On your face as you speak it I shrink while I gaze.
Such a mood of defiance with peril is fraught;
'Don't Care' once got hanged, so our children are taught.
'If "Don't Care" was hanged, silly prude, it is plain
They can't hang him again,' quoth my Lady Disdain.





OPERA HOUSE
CHURCH FOR THE SUNDAY

When he wooed in his youth some bright daughter of tears,
While you wither away in your passionless years,
Oh! what will your thought be when musing alone
O'er the wreck of your beauty thus worthless and flown?
When you count up the sum by the loss and the gain—
"Woe! I gain I'll not lose," quoth my Lady Disdain.

When you pass them both by on the luminous stair,
You with curl on your lip, she with curls in her hair
Upborewowed as beauty, as honour unsold,
Taking flowers for his heart-gifts and love for his gold;
And you waiting, and waiting, and waiting in vain—
"There's a contrast, see!" quoth my Lady Disdain.

My love he may fill you, or, granted you wed,
There are souls to be gathered, hot tears to be shed;
Will he weep like you sighing, or weep with the eyes
When he's needed to rivet and chain him with ties?
Can the broken ring ever be soldered again?
"It will cost you a purse," quoth my Lady Disdain.

Glance behind you; you pillar with symbols to rise,
There are serpents that creep up the pillar of life.
Down, down with your pride, let it roll in the dust,
From your lip turn the taunt, from your heart raise the trust;
With one wrench break the coils of the serpent in twain—
"Did you speak?" rejoined coolly my Lady Disdain.

Are you really so hard? Is there nothing will move
Your body to kindness, your spirit to love?
When you sing is there really no *l'air de joie* in you?
When your eyes glare so bright is it all *feu de joie*?
Ah! you smile; like a child you are playing again—
"At 'snap' or 'whist'—can," quoth my Lady Disdain.

How beautiful and so delicate! Your once heart is gone;
Your mind is a mockery and soul you have none.
Will you linger beside you when age shall draw near,
Will you smooth your lone pillow or dry your last tear?
Will it wound you, I ask you again and again?
"I don't care a rush!" quoth my Lady Disdain.

Beware, oh! beware of so reckless a phrase,
On your face as you speak it I shrink while I gaze.
Such a mood of defiance with peril is fraught;
"Don't Care" once got hanged, so our children are taught.
"If 'Don't Care' was hanged, silly prude, it is plain
They can't hang him again," quoth my Lady Disdain.





Drawn by James Le Browne.]

OPERA SKETCHES.

WAITING FOR HER CARRIAGE.

(See 'My Lady Dido'.)

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MY FIRST FLIRTATION.

THE morning sun shone brightly one July day, 1861, as I turned into St. James's Street, dressed in summery garb, and smoking a cigarette through my nose. The heat that morning was tropical. The crossing-sweeper abandoned his post and betook himself to a shady doorway. The cabmen on the rank read penny papers inside their respective vehicles, whilst the sun blistered the roofs above them. The enjoyment of the bibulous beggars at the pump, who took it in turns to be pumped for, smote one with envy on that thirsty morning. Vague yearnings after an iced Soda and B., a pipe of mild tobacco, or other light dissipation suited to the state of the thermometer and the lassitude of my system, caused me to stop languidly at a set of chambers for gentlemen. The first floor was occupied by a man named Osborne, with whom I was then very intimate. I found my friend and another man at breakfast, and after refreshing myself with some strawberries and a cool draught of seltzer and brandy, I threw myself into a comfortable chair by the open window, and began studying with a capient air what I would have given worlds at that time to have understood, 'Bell's Life.'

I was at the time I am speaking of a shy, awkward, homebred youngster of nineteen, with a round, youthful face, whiskerless cheeks, and nervous temperament. Osborne was a cool, polished man of the world, eight years my senior, pale, with regular features, thin, sarcastic lips, cold grey eyes, and fair, colourless hair. How I envied him his taste in dress, his composed, quiet manner, his skill at billiards, and his success with women! But with all my admiration and intimacy, I rather disliked the man than otherwise. I felt a dim, disagreeable consciousness that I served principally as a butt and sport to my dear friend, and knew that he considered and generally spoke of me as 'a mannerless young

cub, who wanted a deuced deal of licking into shape.'

The man who was breakfasting with him was also my senior. He had a plain, meaningless face, long red whiskers, a falsetto laugh, and possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. His name was Anderson, and he played the concertina. I never knew what he was, or where he lived, but remember, the first time we met, his requesting of me, with a pleasant laugh, the temporary loan of half a sovereign. My future experience of the gentleman proved him to be capable of repeating the request any number of times without being struck with the monotony of a proceeding he never attempted to vary by any allusion to repayment. He was devoted to his rich friend Osborne, who found in him a willing and useful toady.

'Like a smoke, Master Charlie?' said Osborne, offering me a large, highly-flavoured cigar from his case. I received and smelt the priceless weed with the rapturous air of a connoisseur. (Lord! how faint and sick those strong cigars used to make me!) Having lighted it, I began the perusal of a 'Mill' in 'Bell's Life,' and soon was as intensely miserable as my worst enemy could have desired. Mill and smoke becoming at last too strong for me, I closed my eyes and listened vacantly to my friends' conversation.

'But we had better settle now,' Osborne was saying, 'what time we are to go to that place to-night.' Here there was a pause, during which they each beat a tattoo on the carpet and stared at each other. Osborne at length rose, and bending over his friend, whispered some suggestions which appeared to be fraught with much interest. Whatever they were, they were cordially agreed to, and carried amid much laughter from Anderson, who put on the falsetto stop, and beat Osborne hollow in the high notes. Their enjoyment of the subject

before them made them talk louder and with more animation, and thus, without wishing to divine the subject of their mirth, the following broken sentences fell upon my ear, as I half-dozed in my chair.

Anderson. 'But will she appear on the scene at all?'

Osborne. 'Good heavens, man! no chance of it. But don't mention her, for I can't stand it. I only promised to go there once a-year, and choose this affair for my annual visit, because I have a coward's shrinking from speaking to or even seeing. . . .' here his voice trembled and dropped to a whisper too low for me to hear.

Anderson. 'All right, my boy—we can then have our little joke without fear of any mischance; it'll be capital fun—he's an awful fool, and, spite of his young airs, is frightened at his own shadow.'

'Deuced funny,' thought I to myself, 'particularly if I'm their awful fool, which I rather think I am;' and then I fell to wondering, gloomily, if Amandine paste and constant care would ever make my hands as white and shapely as were those of my dear, appreciative friend and model. Breakfast, pipes, drinks, and pleasant confidences being all ended, we rose, stretched, and yawned. Then, somewhat to my relief, Osborne told me he had an engagement which would occupy him all the afternoon, but hoped I would dine with him at his club the same evening, and afterwards go on with him to a very charming dance a little way out of town, where, to use his own words, 'I should meet a lot of deuced pretty girls, and perhaps pick up an heiress, old feller.' Having received my assent to what appeared to me a very agreeable arrangement, the two burst into a fit of unrestrainable merriment at the cut of my trousers and the youthful bloom of my complexion; then after poking a small volume of 'Chesterfield's Advice to his Son' into my pocket, and paying me a few sarcastic compliments on the glossiness of my hat and the growth of my whiskers, Osborne slapped me violently on the back, and allowed me

to depart, bruised in mind and body.

Of course, however, I dined with him at his club, and the night being warm, drank more champagne than my young head could well stand. A strong cigar, and a still stronger chase finished me up, and when I jumped into my friend's brougham I felt most blissfully unconscious and unutterably idiotic. Half an hour's quick driving brought us to our destination, a large detached house brilliantly lighted up, standing in what appeared to be extensive garden and grounds. The lights and linkmen, the sounds of music, the glimpses I caught of seraphic beings floating airily in clouds of pink and blue vapour, partly sobered me, and caused me on entering the hall to rush anxiously to a mirror that adorned one side of it, in which to ascertain the state of my hair, and that of my appearance generally. Having finished my survey I turned round and found to my dismay that my companions had deserted me, and left me to introduce myself as I best could. This to a shy, nervous fellow like myself was anything but a pleasant business, and I trembled with anger and embarrassment. 'Just like my good friends,' I hissed to myself, 'to leave me here like a pig in a poke. How can I enter the room without an introduction to the hostess? D—n their impertinence! What did they bring me here for, and then treat me in this fashion?'

Glancing anxiously round the hall, I espied on my right hand a small room, the door of which was open. It was empty; and avoiding the severe glances of a most muscular and middle-aged set of female servants, I gave a nervous pull to the few straggling hairs it pleased me at that time to call my whiskers, and precipitated myself into the grateful privacy of the deserted chamber on my right, closing the door behind me. Here I fidgeted and fumed for some minutes, and composed a neat cutting little speech, with which, when we met, to shrivel up my friends with shame. Suddenly a door on the opposite side was opened, and in darted the most

radiant, lovely being it had ever been my happiness to behold. Her face was flushed, and her manner slightly hurried, as if she had been making a hasty toilette. As she passed me one of the gloves she was drawing on fell to the ground. In a moment, startled out of all my awkward shyness, I had the glove in my hand, and was presenting it to its charming owner, with a bow and pointed glance of admiration that would have done credit to a man à bonnes fortunes. Her pleasant smile, the sweet voice in which she thanked me for my civility, aided doubtless by the amount of champagne I had so lately taken, so affected me that I forgot my friends, my unknown hostess, and myself, and begged with much *empressément* for the honour of her hand for the next dance. Her easy acquiescence increased my boldness, and without giving one thought to the audacity of my behaviour, but with a vague suspicion that if I entered the ball-room Osborne would manage in some unpleasant fashion to nip my flirtation in the bud, I turned to the French window opening to the garden, and offering my arm to the young lady, suggested how much pleasanter would be a quiet stroll in that lovely moonlight, than the heat and crush of the crowded ball-room. To this she at first demurred, but as I stood firm, she gave way, and with an adorable little *moue* of defiance, a shrug of her ivory shoulders, and a deprecatory side-glance at me, she put her arm in mine, wondered faintly what people would think of her non-appearance, and allowed me to lead her from the close, oppressive atmosphere of the house to the fresh scent-laden breezes of an English garden in July.

By Jove! how triumphant I felt! I—the shy, mannerless boy—the butt of that wretch Osborne! I, who was supposed not to be able to say *Bo* to a goose, much less a pretty woman! Here I was with the loveliest girl I had ever met on my arm, pressing her hand, gazing into her eyes, murmuring soft speeches in her ear, and meeting with no repulse. On the contrary, there was actual en-

couragement in the bright flush which came and went on her young cheek, in the downcast lashes, the pleading looks of her violet eyes, in the unresisting passiveness of the soft small hand I held in mine. We instinctively chose those paths which were least overlooked by the reception rooms. This was not so easy a matter. The gardens, though prettily laid out in smooth-shaven lawn and brilliant flower-bed, had a tasteless absence of shade about them. Each path and walk were so open to inspection, and the bright July moon, though so fair and beautiful, seemed that night to be too vivid in its beams—exceeding its *métier* in fact, and so becoming rather unpleasant than otherwise. This idea appeared to strike my fair companion equally with myself, for, with a gentle pressure of my arm, she drew me into a side path away from the house, which I had imagined in my own mind to be a No Thoroughfare, it being ended by a high iron gate. Of this, however, she seemed to know the secret, for she quickly opened it, and stood leaning against it, waiting for me to pass through. What a picture she made standing there! the light breeze stirring her golden hair, and the pale moonbeams shedding an unearthly radiance over her finely-chiselled features, her lithe, graceful figure, and the soft crape and water-lilies of her dress. My young pulses beat fast as I gazed, and only a dim feeling of respect for her trust and loneliness prevented me from kissing her outright. The young lady's vivacity seemed to increase as we left garden, music, lights, and supervision behind us. There was a wild sparkle in her eye, and a kind of fierce energy in her manner as she suddenly faced me, and said, 'Now, sir, you will be pleased to tell me who you are, where you come from, and why you came here?' Taking her hand in mine, and murmuring, 'I am your devoted slave, and I came all the way from Pall Mall only to see you,' I followed her into the fruit garden, the iron gate closing slowly behind with a dull, cruel sound.

'Now for the gooseberries,' said the lady. 'I know the finest bushes, and if you are really my devoted slave you will not mind picking me some; but, for heaven's sake,' she added, with a sudden shiver, 'take care and do not prick yourself!'

Now I cannot say I have ever felt well-disposed towards the gooseberry. I consider it a vulgar fruit, and none of my associations connected with it are of a pleasurable description. From my earliest infancy I was told that my grandfather had played 'old gooseberry' with the family estates; an interesting hoyden of thirteen more than once informed me that my eyes closely resembled that fruit when boiled; and I have never met my friend in society, sailing under false colours in a thin disguise of tin-foil, wire, effervescence, and ice, that I have not said to myself, in the words of Mr. Wittitlerley to his wife when she was enjoying the too-exhausting society of the nobility—'You will suffer for this to-morrow.' Therefore do I loathe the gooseberry, even when plucked and prepared on the dining-room table; but, oh dear! to pick them yourself by moonlight! To bend your back, soil the knees of your trousers, prick your fingers with their venomous thorns, feel their sickly contents bursting in the wrong place and oozing out over your snowy wristbands! this is an amount of downright misery for which the fruit itself offers no compensation. But for that violet-eyed vision in craps and lilies, what would I not have gone through! So, drawing off my gloves, and taking a small penknife from my pocket, I knelt down by the side of the bushes and began picking the plump, ripe berries, and giving them to my fair enslaver, who ate them with much satisfaction. I plucked and cut; she ate, the monotony of the proceedings being relieved by some delicious pauses, in which our eyes and hands would meet, and our hearts thrill with mutual sympathy. In my entranced state I forgot the young lady's caution, and gathered the fruit heedlessly enough.

'Dence take the things!' I exclaimed, as the sharpest of pointed blades struck deeply into my finger; and, thinking we had had enough of gooseberry picking for the present, I rose from my labours, and gave the last few I had gathered to my companion, who was standing against a small fruit-tree by my side. In doing so, a drop of blood fell from my cut finger on the little white hand held out to receive my offering. The moon was shining more brightly than ever, and lit up the whole scene with the clearness of day. The girl cast her eyes to her hand, and marked the crimson stain glistening there in the mellow light.

Good God! What was it? Why did my blood suddenly freeze within me? What was this awful terror which was taking possession of me? Why do her eyes change and her mouth lose its lovely expression in those fierce, unnatural lines? Why is her small hand rigid with rage as she points to the hateful stain? I know not. I know and feel nothing but a frantic wish to run—to run from this awful spectre, standing in the moonlight by the dark green apple-tree. I see the froth seething through the pale lips, the wild roll of the fierce eyes, the livid pallor of the fair cheeks. I hear her shrill scream of triumph as she sees and seizes the small knife glittering on the ground, where I had dropped it; and with supernatural will I lift my feet, which seem rooted to the earth, and run—run for dear life. I hear still ringing on my ear that fearful burst of unnatural, dreary laughter bubbling from her lips—the sharp, hysterical, animal-like cry of 'Blood! Blood!' and then the swift light steps of pursuit. I know not which way to turn, when I suddenly think of the gate, and rush in that direction. I hear her steps gaining rapidly upon me, I feel her hot breath upon my neck as I turn the corner and see the gate at the end of the walk. I fly like the wind. Shall I reach the gate in time? It may be locked, I think. No, mercy! it is ajar. I am just through when with a savage

yell and cat-like spring she is on me. I feel her iron grasp upon my throat, and my heart stands still with terror. A passing cloud had obscured the moon, and now I felt more than saw the ghostly shimmering of her white dress, the faint, distorted outlines of her terrible face, and the convulsive strainings of her frame. I think of the knife—nay, feel its sharp point touching, wounding my cheek. With sudden, desperate effort I shake off the paralysis of terror which is freezing my blood to ice, and with all the strength I am master of wrench myself free from her murderous grasp, and, seizing her wrists, fling her violently, savagely from me. She falls. It is no time for qualms; and I rush on, bleeding and breathless, through the gate, up the walk, over lawn and flower-bed, straight to the open window of the ball-room. As I reach the terrace I hear the gate open and my pursuer's rapid footsteps on the gravel path. I have only time to wrap my handkerchief round my bleeding hand and enter the ball-room, when she rushes after me with the spring of a tiger, shrieking, with foaming lips, the same fearful cry of 'Blood! Blood!'

Four of the muscular attendants seize the lithe, struggling figure of the poor maniac—for maniac she was—and bear her, in spite of her

terrible shrieks, out of the apartment.

'I'll never come to these asylum balls again,' said a nervous, corpulent old gentleman, who had been a near witness of the scene. 'I thought these violent ones were never allowed to be present. I shall see after my carriage at once. Too bad—too bad!'

I understood it all now. The little practical joke, so pleasantly arranged by my friends in the morning was to take me unwittingly to this annual asylum ball, that they might extract a little fun out of me—and see themselves, in fact, at my freshness and innocent mistakes. I went up to them, and was on the point of seeking an explanation of the whole business, when I stopped short. For the first time in his life Osborne was not up to a taunt or a sneer. His lips were bloodless, his whole aspect that of a man shocked to his very marrow; and as I reached him he fell senseless to the ground.

The unhappy girl I had so strangely met was his sister—the only being he had ever really loved.

I was, as may be imagined, much shaken by what I had gone through; and I saw the last of my friend Osborne when I left him safe at his chambers on that eventful July evening.

L. C.

NOTES FROM KING THEODORE'S COUNTRY.

King Theodore as a Diplomat.

HAVING been originally intended for the clergy, King Theodore has had ample opportunity during his studies for perfecting himself in that peculiar art which every diplomat must thoroughly possess—the art of evasion and of saying 'no' when he means 'yes,' and *vice versa*.

Comparisons are odious, but Bismarck and Theodore are very much of the same stamp of intellect. Daring, unscrupulous, pitiless where it is necessary; bland, courteous,

winning where fascination is required, both are alternately hated or admired, feared or loved by their subjects. No one can be more amiable than Theodore, even to the very persons he intends sacrificing to his interests half an hour afterwards. So well guarded are his speeches, that it is almost impossible to doubt his good faith, although the most flagrant breach will afterwards be found in accordance with his words—though the

very opposite meaning had been impressed on the recipient's mind. He will not even allow the poor consolation of believing the very contrary to what he apparently says, and always does that which would appear farthest from any one's thoughts. Inasmuch, then, as these arts are necessary elements of diplomacy, Theodore may seek his equal in vain. He is a perfect master of that crafty cunning which is always the more dangerous from the apparent frankness with which it is accompanied, and which is especially the attribute of the Orientals in general. He will win perfect confidence and violate his word the instant afterwards with that charming grace and nonchalance which is considered the acme of diplomatic excellence in statesman and minister. And besides all these qualities he possesses a vein of humour, coupled with a strong portion of sound common sense, which makes him a still more formidable adversary. His objective judgment is exceedingly keen and just; his subjective opinions, however, too much swayed by his passions and desires to be always equal to the emergency. But then, where words fail, force steps in: and genius supported by force is a very mighty thing. His exact appreciation of mankind as represented by the Abyssinians is proved firstly by the influence he has over them, and, secondly, to our satisfaction, by the various traits and anecdotes recorded of him. But in nothing has he shown more tact and cunning, decision and inflexibility of will than in his procedures against the power of the clergy.

There was a cartoon in 'Punch' some time back which most of us recollect: Lord Westbury delivering his judgment in *Re Gray versus Colenso*,—half a dozen of the one and six of the other. It would seem that Abyssinia is but as one of Mr. Chappuis's distorting mirrors, in which our own errors are represented in all their ugliness; for an exact parallel is to be found for this case in the dispute between Salama, patriarch of Abyssinia, and his metropolitan, Daoud, Coptic patriarch of Cairo. Said Pasha of

Egypt, who had heard of the great progress this new king was making, and in fear of an attack upon the Soudan, had sent the Coptic patriarch on a political mission to King Theodore. Daoud, a proud, haughty man, avaricious in the extreme, assumed such airs that he soon made himself thoroughly disliked by the Abyssinian cloth. He even endeavoured to awe the king by his overbearing conduct. One day, when he had been holding forth against him in his usual haughty manner, Theodore, without saying a word, suddenly drew a pistol from his belt and presented it at the head of the trembling priest. Every instant the Abuna thought would be his last, till Theodore peremptorily said—

'Holy father, give me your blessing.'

The Abuna fervently complied; but nevertheless, when once out of reach of the obnoxious weapon, Daoud excommunicated the king, who thereupon sent for the Abuna Salama to remove the ban. As soon as he arrived in the camp, Theodore had the tents of the rival chieftains pitched close together before his own, each one surrounded by a 'zeriba,' or hedgerow of thorns, whence each could excommunicate the other, like a couple of bantams over their rival spouse.

'I am your superior,' said Daoud, proudly. 'You have to obey me.'

'In Alexandria and Cairo, yes,' answered Salama; 'but here, in my own see in Abyssinia, I alone am the sole authority.'

'Turbulent priest!' cried Daoud, 'I excommunicate thee as well as thy king.'

'And I excommunicate thee,' replied Salama, coolly; 'for I alone have the right and authority to pronounce the ban in this country.'

And thus the dispute continued for five or six days, till Theodore, who wished to let the people have a little insight into the state of their holy church, sent Daoud back to Cairo, after having pronounced this remarkable judgment:—

'Having been chosen by me and accepted by the people, by us, who have paid the sums necessary for his

ordination and consecration to his office, Abuna Salama is the only legal head of our church. Having once been ordained by the Abuna Daoud, that ordination can no more be recalled than the thought that has once been spoken. But though the office cannot be destroyed, its execution may be stayed, and if it be exercised to the detriment of the country, the country, which is I, has then alone to use its own discretion in deposing the priest who instead of a blessing is a curse to his people.

When the French government attempted to induce King Theodore to allow the establishment of a Jesuit mission in his dominions, he replied with a letter, quite worthy of European authorship:—

'It is a disgrace to Christianity that it should have been divided and split up into so many different parties, each at war with the other, whilst the Islam presents one firm compact body of unity. Why cannot a general council be called, which could there deliberate on the questions in dispute and determine upon one general doctrine? I would gladly submit to the resolutions of such a body. But, till that be done, I prefer to adhere to the religion of my fathers, and shall not allow dissension to spread any more than it has amongst my people.'

Theodore often makes a happy hit in his administration, which from its novel character and apparent justice endears him to his people, whilst instilling at the same time a wholesome fear. And be it well borne in mind, he *acts* all this. He will have no scruple in sacrificing a man's life, not because he really believes it necessary to his own safety, but to support his acting, and therefore I may call it diplomacy. For then in the eyes of the audience he is no longer the actor off the boards, but in the full glory of his assumed character. And Theodore is a consummate actor, ever since he adapted the prophecy to himself, that a king named Theodore should restore the ancient Ethiopian empire. He has so long persisted in his *rôle* that he has perfectly identified himself with it, and

merged his whole being into his assumed character.

The following incident will exemplify the mixed love and fear which his peculiar mode of dispensing justice inspires his people with.

Shortly after he had taken the fortress, Amba Gessen, belonging to the Gallas, not far from Magdala, many of these Moslem tribes joined his army. In consideration of their alliance he allowed them perfect freedom amongst themselves. They administered their own affairs, appointed their own judges, in fact acting the part of vassals to the supreme monarch. One day a Gallas soldier, in passing through a village, demanded some tobacco of a peasant. Having received it, and being asked for payment, he abused the peasant, who, on endeavouring to regain his property, was shot dead by the irate soldier. The wife followed the man and demanded justice from the head of the tribe. The judge, on hearing the case, fined the murderer ten dollars, which he handed to the widow as a compensation for the loss of her husband. The woman indignantly refused and complained to the king, Theodore at once had the judge brought before him, and asked by what code he had judged the murderer.

'The Koran is our only code, and by the Koran has he been judged.'

'And does the Koran say that ten dollars is the price of a man's life? Show me that sentence.'

Of course the Moslem was unable to do so, and tried to get out of his difficulty by saying—

'The exact punishment, O king, is life for life; but that is only the law for true believers not for *giaours* (heretics). The sentence I have pronounced is also a decision in respect to the soldier's avocation, who, continually risking his life for his country and even for people of other belief, has a claim to more indulgence.'

'Where is the man?' said Theodore: 'bring him to me.'

The man was brought, and Theodore asking him whether he had been punished for his crime, the man impudently answered he had.

'What was the punishment?' asked the king.

'A fine of ten dollars!' was the reply.

'Oh!' said the king, 'that was it, was it? 'Tis cheap: I can afford that.'

And so saying he drew his pistol from his belt and shot the man dead. Thereupon he quietly laid down ten dollars before the startled man of justice.

'There,' he said, 'I too risk my life for my country, and for people of other faith than my own. I have, therefore, the same right as this man had. And thank thy Moslem god that my sense of justice does not allow me to punish the murderer's judge as the murderer himself.'

Such wild justice has an immense effect on a turbulent, warlike race like the Abyssinians; and it is only by such means that Theodore has been able to acquire the influence he has over his people.

THE WAGSHUM.

So much has been said about this remarkable person, and his still more remarkable occupation of 'watching' King Theodore, that a few words concerning him may be of interest.

His proper name is Teferi, Shum of Wag, 'shum' denoting judge, and he boasts a descent very nearly as ancient as King Theodore's from the noblest family in Lasta, of which province he is the ruler, and as vassal to King Theodore commands over a body of troops numbering some thirty thousand to forty thousand men. From his bravery he has always been a favourite of the king's, who doubtless feels the loss of his ancient vassal severely. In fact he is the only man that can at all succeed in evading him, and that being the most he can do, it is the best proof of Theodore's power, for the Wagshum, as he is generally called, is a universal favourite with the people. Still, 'watching' King Theodore has become a byword in the British camp, and with all his bravery he cannot bring

his men to face the 'Scourge of the Rebels,' as Theodore styles himself. The men of Lasta are as celebrated as the Schoans for their exquisite horsemanship and *élan* in the field. Enveloped in long black mantles, and armed mostly with only short broadswords and lances, carelessly thrown over the shoulder, they scour the country like a horde of Cossacks over the Steppes. Their horses are small, wiry, long-enduring animals, and are seldom shod. It is perfectly wonderful to see the breakneck pace at which they will fly over the rocky, broken ground, and traverse the giddy paths overhanging the deepest precipices with as sure a step as though on plain turf.

What with the Wagshum, Kassai, King of Tigree, and other rebels, Theodore is seldom without having some rebellion to subdue. One of these takes possession of an amba and defies the king, most likely in the remotest corners of his kingdom; and as soon as he has crushed one, another arises. It is a kind of a Jack-in-the-box warfare. Put him down and he keeps down as long as you hold your finger there; but remove it, and up he starts in all his pristine youth and energy. And they dare not unite, because then they would have to face the whole of his forces, besides which, even supposing Theodore to be vanquished, the old story of the Kilkenny cats would only be enacted over again in Abyssinia. Consequently the country is perpetually in a state of ferment, which Sir Robert Napier most decidedly will not diminish.

TETSHI.

This is the intoxicating beverage of the chivalrous Amharas, which warms their courageous hearts to doughty deeds of daring and bravery; in which they pledge their dusky maidens, and drink eternal enmity to the usurper. This is the beverage *par excellence* of the good old times, when our ancient forefathers, the British lions of yore, dressed themselves in a simple pattern tattooed on the native skin,

and indulged in the orgies of their favourite mead.

This tetch is made by mingling six-eighth parts of water with one of honey, and is allowed to ferment for about a week or ten days. When the scum and refuse have carefully been removed some of the leaves and twigs of the gesho are added, which gives it a peculiar and very agreeable bitter flavour. When it is good, it is of a clear, light-yellow colour, and often sparkling.

Another national beverage is a kind of Abyssinian beer called tala. It is made from barley and from the native grains dagusa and sorgum, the flour of which is mixed to a paste and then baked in thin round cakes. These cakes are then put into earthenware pots and water is

added, the whole being put into a warm place. Shortly afterwards a small quantity of sprouting barley is thrown into the mixture, which, after it has fermented, is then filtered off. Every guest is provided with a pitcher of this tala, and if he wish to give a servant or some person of low rank a proof of his satisfaction, he tells him to hold out his hands and pours as much into them as the hollow of the united palms will contain. Whatever may be left in the pitcher is also the Abyssinian Jeames's perquisite, always provided he do not pollute the vessel by any touch of his plebeian lips, and pour it out into the natural cup nature provided him with in the hollow of his hands.

H. A. BURETTE.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. IV.—*Spring Song in the City.*

WHO remains in London
In the streets with me,
Now that spring is blowing
Fresh winds from the sea;
Now that trees grow greener,
And the sun shines mellow,
And with moist primroses all
English lanes are yellow?

Little barefoot maiden,
Selling violets blue,
Have you ever pictured
Where the sweetlings grew?
In the cool dim forest,
Deep in dewy grasses,
Where the wind-blown shadow drifts
Scented as it passes.

Pedlar breathing deeply,
Toiling into town,
With the dusty highway
You are dusky brown,—
Have you seen the meadows
Dark with flying breezes,
Downy blow-balls flying fast
Where the wild wind pleases?

Out of yonder waggon
Pleasant hay-scents float ;
He who drives it carries
A daisy in his coat.
Oh ! the English meadows,
Sweet beyond all praises,
Freckled orchids blowing bright
'Mid the snow of daisies !

Now in busy silence
Broods the nightingale,
Choosing out a dwelling
In a dimpled dale ;
In the dark she buildeth
High where leaves are growing ;
'Neath her nest the brooklet sings,
Through the green haze flowing ;

She is still and silent
As a bird can be,
For the red buds only
Fill the red rose-tree,—
Just as the buds blossom,
She'll begin her tune,
When all is sweet, and roses blow,
Underneath the Moon.

Nowhere in the valleys
Will the wind be still,
Everything is stirring
Wagging at his will :—
Blows the maiden's kirtle,
With her hand prest on it ;
Lightly o'er the leafy hedge
Blows the ploughboy's bonnet.

Oh ! to be a-roaming
In an English dell,—
Every nook is wealthy,
All the world looks well,—
Tinted smile the heavens
Over earth and ocean ;
Waters flow, fresh winds blow,
All is light and motion !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

WHATEVER may have been the shortcomings as in style and pace of the University eights of this year, the seasonable hour and fair weather of the day drew a larger concourse than had ever before congregated to witness the closest of races between the most *élite* of crews. The furore for the race and its result grows greater each year; the mere daily practice at Putney, especially on a Saturday afternoon, draws a larger audience than condescended to come to the race itself in the palmy days of Chitty and Meade King, fifteen or sixteen years ago. From the Ship, at Mortlake, to the Aqueduct, at Putney, the banks from ten to thirty yards deep, according to the accommodation, are lined with a close-packed, seething mass of the British populace. Hammersmith Bridge is impassable and almost invisible, every available inch of standing or hanging room, from the pavement to the chains, close covered with expectant sight-seers, till the roadway sinks, under the pressure, eighteen inches below its orthodox level, and makes us fear a repetition, on a colossal scale, of the great Yarmouth catastrophe of twenty-five years ago.

House-tops, balconies, steamers, pleasure-boats, contribute in smaller proportion their quota to the general gathering, till half a million would fall far short of the concourse; and even Epsom Downs, on the Derby-day, would look foolish for dirt alongside of Father Thames on the day of days.

And for days and weeks past, not only with the crews in training, but with the general British public, the note of preparation had been sounding, steamers chartered, railway fares tripled, windows and balconies bespoken; ties, bonnets, rosettes, and parasols, of the rival hues, sold by the hundredweight. No Court-mourning would inflict one half such injury to trade as the withdrawal of the race and its concomitant sources of plunder and profit. Betting, of course, there was in plenty; not

that one in a thousand of those who betted upon the race knew anything about rowing, or could have distinguished one crew from the other, by its style, or anything, except the discrimination of uniform; but the result was a convenience for gambling, and the 'odds' were quoted accordingly in the return from Tattersall's as systematically as the Derby and Two Thousand prices of the day.

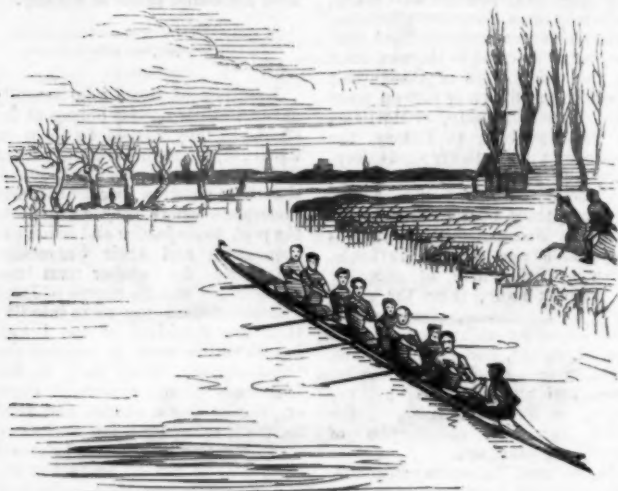
*'Qui sinit opiatam curru contingere metam
Multa tulit fectique poer, sudavit, et aluit,
Abstinuit'*

How few of those who recently gazed, in their holiday outing, at the eights as they flashed by them on April 4th, can appreciate the patient endurance, toil, trouble, self-denial, that those eighteen 'ceruleans' have undergone before they came fit to the post, to do justice and honour to themselves and their University. Hardly has the October term been inaugurated, and the repose of Long Vacation roused once more into life, than the President of the U.B.C. has to set to work to compile the 'trial eights.' Every man in the University of any reasonable merit or promise has a chance and trial for that; and after a few weeks two crews are finally selected, balanced as equally as can be, and set at the end of term to test their individual merits, in a race on the broad reaches of Ely, or the open waters of Nuneham.

From the commencement of the ensuing Lent Term the University eight is set going; the trial eights have pretty well sifted the merits of aspirants, and before long the crew has settled into something like regular shape and practice. Three or four weeks bring them to Lent, and with it the commencement of training. Out of bed by 6.30, or 7 o'clock A.M., every morning, and a mile or two of walking before a breakfast of regulation steaks and chops. Light lunch about 1.30, and then the day's grind; whether a short course day, of twice to Ilfley and back again on the Isis, and down to Baitsbite on the Cam, or a long

course to Abingdon Lasher, and its equivalent of Clayhithe. Through rain, snow, and wind, through fair and foul alike, no rest, no reprieve. If floods have not put the water meadows along the banks of Isis completely under its flow, there may be seen some five or six times a fortnight, and oftener, a group of horsemen waiting at the first gate below Sandford, while the 'pets' peel to their jerseys in the teeth of a gale, and set off for the long row

of 3½ miles, which, upon a narrow river and slackier tide, fully equals the 4½ miles from Putney to Mortlake. For the first mile or two the high bank to the westward shelters the boat from the wind, which blowing across can raise but little surf, but lower down, so soon as the circuitous navigation of Nuneham island has been completed, symptoms of 'open sea' begin to be painfully apparent. 'Hold your oars tight, all,' squeaks



LONG COURSE IN A SOUTHWESTER.

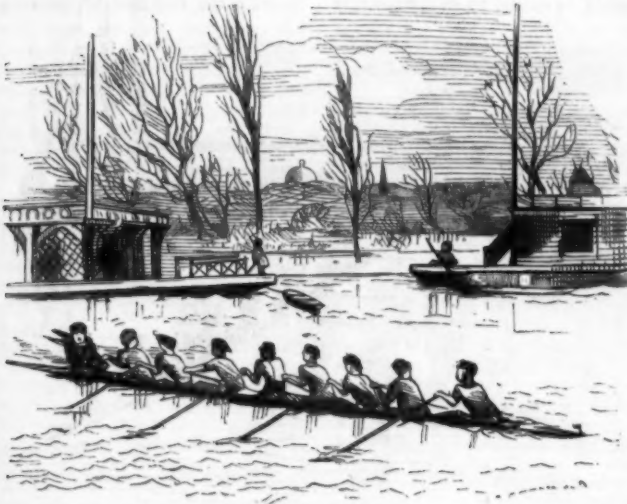
the coxswain, as they round the corner of the rustic bridge, and two or three long rollers lap up bow's back, nearly float five off his seat, and land themselves in the shivering steerer's lap. 'Get well forward!' 'Keep it long!' as the men can hardly bend forward against the blast, and here and there the oars come whack against a great breaker, extracting a stifled curse from the oarsmen, a snarl from the coxswain, and a vicious scolding from the 'coach' on the bank. Three minutes of this purgatory and then the Railway Bridge gives a temporary respite from the gale, which only meets them worse than ever in the long bend below, and makes her

jaded crew groan over the cruel mockery of 'take her in all,' as they reach the creek corner above the lasher, and are called upon for the customary final spurt. The sedgy waters of Cam can never produce such miniature sea as this; but a good bleak row from Ely to Clayhithe, through fourteen miles of dreary fens, under March east wind, and a run of a mile or two at the end of a hard day in pelting rain or driving snow, will bear a good comparison with the roughest pleasures of the Oxford course.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and of all others the president's is least of all a bed of roses. He has the whole onus of the selec-

tion and training of the crew, though when the time comes when he can no longer coach his recruits, but must himself take his place in the boat, he may, if he is fortunate, secure some friend to undertake the tuition from the bank during training. Apart from the practice, the 'condition' and health of the crew form a most important item in his cares. In order to keep so many men in strict obedience and discipline, it is necessary to have fixed rules of régime and diet, and no appearance of caprice; and yet at

the same time the work and treatment that suits the physique of one man will hardly suit all, and continued variation, adjustment, and grace have to be apportioned by the captain to meet emergencies. Then, again, some members of the crew, especially if well scolded for a fault, are invariably finding out something wrong and uncomfortable with their oars, stretchers, rowlocks, &c.; and much scientific knowledge of work and mechanics is needed to discover whether the fault really lies with the oarsman or with his tool.



'TAKE HER IN, ALL.'

Then, if the crew goes at all amiss, or does not please the fancy of interested critics of other colleges, he is inundated with suggestions, anonymous letters, and hints that he has not selected the best men available for use, or is badgered to change the stroke, or transpose 7 and 6, &c. And well-meaning busybodies from town and country write wholesale to him offering their experiences and suggestions. One recommends the crew to train on eggs and sherry; another, whose consumptive wife has lately been restored to health and strength upon

asses' milk, suggests in gratitude that the O.U.B.C. or C.U.B.C. should follow suit to the remedy. Another wants to see oars of some new-fangled shape of his own tried; another asserts that if the President will only build a boat about 82 feet 7 inches in length, he will win in a canter, and go so fast that he will lose his own breath. And the touts of trade are equally pestilent; every dabbler in collodion and nitrate of silver petitions to be allowed to photograph the crews, and is aggrieved if refused, for to accommodate all would be to keep the

men standing in open air six hours a day. One patentee solicits the adoption of his novel corn-flour, 'especially suitable for dyspeptics and invalids;' another forces his way at breakfast-time with a novel garment, combining shirt, trousers, socks, and pocket-handkerchief all in one piece, 'admirably adapted for walking, riding, racing, hunting,' &c., and pleads that the race is a moral for the men if they will only row clothed in this nondescript. If the tide compels an early start, some hundred letters come in from patres and matres familiarum, whose digestions would be ruined by such unearthly

hours, or whose daughters would be at that time engaged in a music lesson, pointing out the propriety of changing the hour. No sooner is the umpire's steamer chartered—the private property of the two clubs—and the reserved rendezvous for the one especial day in the year of all old champions of former 'Varsity races, than every puny outside reporter who thinks that nothing can be lost for the asking, pesters the president for a ticket, pleading the 'liberty of the press' as a reason for locomotion at the expense of the crews instead of his own, and ignoring the fact that his presence



'PLEASURES OF LONG COURSE.'

will exclude from that precious gathering some old thranite who has toiled in auld lang syne for the honour of his blue, and that the race could be reviewed and the report compiled just as easily from other free steamers if the 'liner' be but content to pay for his passage thereon.

And during their sojourn at Putney, during the last week or two of training, the crews—lions of London, *pro tem*.—are mobbed and hustled wherever they go. They have to fight their way through an admiring crowd of counter-skippers and cos-

termongers before they can launch their boat for a row, or return from it, pumped and wearied, to their dressing-rooms. Their coach from the bank has all his work to do to pick his way through a mass of galloping snobs, who mob him wherever he places himself, as if the only correct view of the crew were to be obtained between him and the river; while, unless his lungs are stentorian, he has little chance of being audible above the clatter of the hoofs of equestrian cockneys.

And at last the ordeal is over, the

finishing touch has been added, and myriads, and tens of myriads, came out into the wilderness for to see two crews, of whose merits they know nothing, except by hearsay—a multitude, not one of whom in a hundred has personal interest in the honour of either University, except where the sordid gains of bets has lent its bias; and few of whom could tell the difference between one eight and the other, did they come out in plain white instead of in uniform. Yet the rabble come and see, and go, because it is the thing to do—because they like to say that they have seen the race, and have not yet arrived at the possession of sufficient confidence in themselves and their friends to satisfy their reputation and save exertion by the simple mendacity of saying that they have been there, yet stopping peacefully at home meanwhile.

It is 11:30 before the crews make a move to their boat-houses, and launch their ships. A threepenny-bit has at last changed the luck of six successive years, and has won the choice of sides for Cambridge; a good omen for the Light Blue to start with. Then they get afloat and paddle to stations, Oxford first, Cambridge following in decidedly slovenly style, very inferior to some of the even rowing which they have exhibited during the last week. A good deal of mist hangs over the river, though the sun is fighting his way through overhead; so dense has the fog been in early morning at London that hosts who have come to the race have breakfasted by candlelight. As it is even now, out in open country, the general landmarks are obscured, and the coxswain's office is more arduous than ever, for in the centre of a wide stream, the shores, even if visible in a mist, are a poor criterion of correct direction, and in front, at the end of the reaches, they are quite invisible. There is an even start, but by no means a rapid one, such as is often seen in a University race. The Oxford stroke, unused to starting from a stationary position, with the tide flowing past him, adding to the dead pull a re-

sistance equivalent to that which would be if the boat was running sternwards three miles an hour, at the signal for the start, misses the first stroke almost entirely, and for the next two or three strokes the boat 'lollops' uncomfortably. Cambridge set off after the first three or four strokes to a racing stroke of 41 a minute, not a bit too fast for a really first-class crew, but infinitely beyond their power to maintain for more than a few minutes, and so it is proved; though they secure a lead of half a length by the lower willows of Craven, that is the extent of their tether, and a little beyond the Cottage, Oxford, working up to a good 39, have overhauled them, and the next quarter mile is rowed by each neck and neck. Even thus early the pace has begun to tell upon Cambridge, and the time, especially on the stroke side, is none of the best. The styles of progress of the two boats themselves are palpably distinct; Cambridge take a shorter time to come forward through the air than to row through the water; they go much further backward than Oxford, and are very slow in getting the hands off the chest; their boat is drawn through the water at each stroke, but has hardly any perceptible 'lift.' Oxford, on the other hand, besides rowing in good time, swing just the reverse of Cambridge, a long time in getting forward and very fast through the water, driving the oars through with a hit like sledge-hammers, while the boat jumps out of the water several inches at each stroke. Cambridge have shot their bolt by the 'Crab Tree,' and rapidly Oxford pass them and take a lead. By the Soap-works they are clear, and taking the shore arch at Hammersmith Bridge, go still further away round the bend in their favour off Chiswick. As they enter Corney Reach, Cambridge go all to pieces, and lose the last vestige of form and time, while Oxford also become a little wild on the stroke side, for no excusable reason, for they are not distressed, and have all their own way. The steamers rather overrun Cambridge in Corney Reach, and though not heading them, draw

away the water from them, and to some extent check their speed and spoil any chance that might be left; but that is remote indeed, to judge by the men in the bows of the eight, each rowing his own stroke and swing, such as it is, with sublime indifference to the time set by stroke. The continued plucky spurts of the latter, and the rowing of the president, No. 7, who keeps his shape and form manfully, even under the pressure of pace and distress, and does more work than any other two put together, gains great *kudos* from critics near enough to see and judge the merits of the rowing; but beyond the performances of these two, there is nothing to be observed to the credit of the bulk of the Cambridge crew, except their unflinching pluck and perseverance. Thus they shoot Barnes Bridge, Oxford swinging and hitting the water, Cambridge scrambling and tugging at it. Four clear lengths separate them, and a terrific 'crab,' caught by No. 4 of Cambridge off the marshes (the first *bond fide* crab recorded since the introduction of outriggers in a University race, though oars have twice been knocked out of the hand at the start by steamers—in 1858 and 1864,—and there were sundry minor shell fish in the Oxford boat of 1860), puts the *coup de grâce* to Light Blue discomfiture, and lands Oxford winners in 20 min. 56 sec.

The time of the race is the fastest recorded of these races upon flood tide; though practice is continually much faster, when the crews can choose their own time, on a good stream clear of wind, such as was the day of this race. The misconduct of steamers, delaying the start till the tide had run 'slack,' and even turned, has marred the time of some of the strongest and fastest crews on record, and spoils the average of pace over the course. Till, however, some future race shall eclipse this last, the Oxonians have a feather in their caps. The fastest race on record is that of '63, rowed from Barker's Rails upon the ebb, a distance of little more than 5 miles, which

occupied 23 min. 6 sec., and the time over the last $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the legitimate course, 20 min. 5 sec. On that occasion wind and stream were both in favour of Oxford, easy winners by some 200 yards, and had a good crew fairly contested them, the pace might have been much greater. The quickest practice time was made by the Oxonians of 1857, upon a terrific spring tide, in 19 min. 50 sec.: and 20 min. 10 sec., 20 min. 20 sec., and 20 min. 30 sec., were accomplished variously by the Oxonians in '63 and '66 at only half a racing stroke, upon good tides and smooth water. Till this year the fastest race on the flood, and second fastest altogether was made by the Cambridge eight of 1846, the first year of outriggers, in boats far heavier and slower than those of the present day. After all, so much depends upon the wind and tide, which vary so much from day to day, and hour to hour, that time is but a random test of merit on Putney water, whatever it may be on the more evenly-regulated course of Henley, and even there a breeze may spring up or fall in an hour, and alter the pace of a race by half a minute.

The obvious impression from viewing the race of last month is that Cambridge, who had made a great stride in improvement during the three past years have suddenly relapsed and failed in the simplest desiderata for a crew of boys or juniors,—time and swing. General style may deteriorate, and be hard to regain in a hurry, but any style, such as it is, should, after ten weeks' practice, be uniform among the crew who practise it. Strange to say, Cambridge rowed very nicely together when they first came to Putney a fortnight before the race, while Oxford were decidedly rough; the latter, however, improved, and though never first-class, were a good average crew, while Cambridge, during the last few days, fell all to pieces, without being in the least over-trained. The sluggish recovery of the hands from the chest ruined them when they came to try a racing stroke. In fact, they could not row (though they might snatch)

a racing stroke, and could not, as did Oxford last year, win at a mere half-speed stroke.

The general style of Oxford has not deteriorated; though many outsiders fancied that Oxford rowed a short stroke, it was more that the time occupied by them in slashing the oar through the water was short, than the reach itself; this deceived inexperienced eyes, especially when compared to the slow 'draw' through of Cambridge, which often appeared for similar reasons a longer stroke than it really was. But the pace of Oxford this year was hardly so good as formerly, though their trials with the watermen were not so bad as made out, for the professionals always poached a stroke or two before the word was given, and Oxford were besides avowedly slow in getting away; Oxford always made up their lost start before 100 or 200 yards had been rowed, and the watermen stopped as soon as collared. Yet there is no doubt that though the weight of the Oxonians was up to the average (12 stone), and the general way of doing the work orthodox, yet two or three of the men did hardly so much work for their weight as they should, and so fell short in pace of harder working yet lighter weighted crews of former years. So long as the general style of rowing is kept up to the average, the pace can be improved by introduction of stronger men another year, or the advancement in strength of those as they fill out with age.

Cambridge had this year a finer average set of men than Oxford, but threw away their chances by employing an incompetent 'coach,' who at best had steered, but had never rowed in his life. However, they may have thought that he possessed more than ordinary experience from the fact that his services had in former years not only been confined

to Cambridge, his own University, but had been freely applied, though unsuccessfully, to Oxford, when for the time being the authorities of the Cambridge boat repudiated the counsels of their former mentor. Be it as it may, his experience availed nothing to teach the modern style of light-boat rowing, and the miserable failure of Cambridge this year, the utter waste of one of the finest set of men that they ever sent into training, may be attributed to his management.

For one thing, however, all praise is due and freely accorded to Cambridge, for that, after a seventh successive defeat, they came forward again, as a matter of course, to try their fortune. Long may such spirit exist in both Universities! Rightly said the Cantab President at the dinner of the crews after the race, that to abandon the race would be to relinquish and extinguish the main incentive to boating on the Cam, to smother rivalry, and lower the standard of rowing 50 per cent. There has been fault as well as misfortune in the turns of Cambridge affairs, and wisdom will surely though slowly come by experience. The temporary relapse of this year from the gradually improved standard of the former three has been due to error in the selection of a coach, and that error can be avoided for the future. Sympathy is universal for Cambridge; Oxonians themselves would gladly see them win, if only Oxford were up to the mark, and Cambridge beyond it. We cannot afford to lose what has become almost a national institution, an annual holiday, the leading feature in a leading sport, and that one in which the sole prize is one of honour,—honour dearer, in the heat of the struggle, to any of the competitors than health, strength, or even life itself.



MR. WILLIAM SPAVINGER'S SPEECH ON HIPPOPHAGY.

REPORTED BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

AT the beginning of the past month the following advertisement, in the shape of a handbill, was freely circulated amongst the cat and dog-meat dealers of the metropolis:—

'A MEETING

OF THE VENDORS OF HORSEFLESH

will be held at the Union, Eastnor Street, Somers Town, on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, to take into consideration the contemplated advance in the price of Meat, and to adopt such other resolutions as may be there agreed upon.'

It had been suggested by the more enthusiastic advocates of the meeting that as a public question of great importance was involved, pains should be taken to make the demonstration as imposing as possible. One gentleman was of opinion that every cart and barrow in the trade should join in procession, the vehicles being empty except for a starving dog, provided that the hospital for the reception of the animals in question could supply them in sufficient number. This idea, however, although it possessed attractions for many of the vendors, and was warmly pressed by them, was negated by the majority; and it was decided that the proceedings should be conducted with as much unobtrusiveness and modesty as was consistent with the magnitude of the interests at stake. And so strictly was this decision adhered to, that, although by a quarter past eight, two hundred and fifty cat-meat men were assembled in the commodious club-room of the Union, the next-door neighbours scarcely knew that any business of an uncommon nature was afoot. They were not conspicuous men, these two hundred and fifty, except from the prevalence amongst them of extremely fancy waistcoats and ample silver watchchains. Some few attended in their working clothes; but these were as well-behaved and quiet as

their better-dressed brethren, and when the waiter, being 'in the room,' had attended to their various wants, and they had settled down comfortably to long pipes and gin and water, a more orderly company it is hard to imagine.

Mr. William Spavinger occupied the chair, his claim to that honourable post depending no less on the fact of his being a venerable and stanch member of the guild than on that of his being the owner of three 'purveying' carts and seven barrows, and in the enjoyment of one of the most extensive and lucrative beats in London. Rising on his sturdy and neatly-gaitered legs, he addressed the meeting.

'Fellow-tradesmen, the object of our collecting together being well known to you all, I need not waste time in explaining it. It is owing to the notice that the "wholesale" have give us, that on and after Monday next the price of meat will be eighteen shillings a hundredweight, its present price being, as you are well aware, only sixteen. ("Quite enough too," and groans.) It may be hurtful to your feelings, but you mustn't kick up that row whenever I come to anything you don't like, or we shall have the landlord up. As I was saying, my fellow-tradesmen, it is to resist this advance of two shillings a hundredweight in the price of meat, or rather to calmly inquire into the reason of it, that we are met here.

'Now how does the matter stand? Although perhaps not exactly of the tiptop educated class, we know the spiggot on which all these questions turn. It is profit. That is the spiggot on which this question turns. "Live and let live to everybody barring horses," is our motto. (Laughter.) Well, we look around us, and what do we see? I look around me, and I see you all before me, all hearty and tidy well to do, if gentlemanly appearance stands for anything, and I'm glad of it. I'm gladder of it because I know, and

you all know precious well, that you ain't been a-grinding of your prosperity out of your neighbours. Least of all you haven't been a ruining the "wholesale;" and what's more, so long as they are able to buy clean, meaty cattle at thirty shillings each, take the average, and retail 'em billed at sixteen shillings a hundred, there isn't much fear of their being reduced to cracking stones in the workus yard at three-halfpence a bushel. I'll prove it. Do you know how much meat a fair average horse, fit only for the knacker, will yield? I'll tell you. It will yield four hundredweight of meat, which, at sixteen shillings, reckons up to three pun' four; and that is saying nothing about the bones, or the oil, or the hide. Very well then, what's the matter? The slaughterer gives thirty shillings for a horse, and gets close on four pounds for him; and we cheerfully pay him a price that enables him to do so. What's the reason we are coming to a lock? Is corn here so very cheap lately that the man with a old, used-up horse has been able to cocker him up with warm feeding, and so keep him going a bit longer? No, corn has not been cheap; it's been precious dear. Have people with dead horses on their hands been striking for higher prices for 'em? If they did, they would have to "strike while the iron was hot," if you'll excuse me quoting poetry, or they'd soon come to loggerheads with the sanitary inspectors. (Laughter.) No, my friends, it isn't from either of these quarters that the ill wind blows. The slaughterer gets his horses for killing at the old price, and he pays his servants the same wages he has always paid 'em, and he gets the same prices as he always got of us. Whereabouts, then, is the loose screw that has set us all a jolting? I'll tell you, my brother tradesmen. It is because a set of—well, I won't call 'em hard names, poor fellows, with all their sufferings before 'em—because a set of soocides have gone rabbit and foaming at the mouth, in a manner of speaking, and spent their days in smatching the meat out of the mouths of dumb animals to pre-

serve it for their own eating. That, my friends, is the reason of our meat rising in price. Mr. Jack Atcheller and the rest of 'em are not fools. They read the papers, and learn how the soocides are going ahead with their banquets and patent horse feeds; they listen and take observation of all the talk about raising what is now called cats'-meat to the high social position Nature ordained it to occupy; and they hain't the least objection to back the endeavours of the soocides so far as to increase the money value of the article. And the worst of it is, they'll go 'on raising it. If we only let them get in the thin end of the wedge it is all over with us. It isn't the two shillings a hundred extra that would fret us; nor it isn't the soocides taking to horseflesh as their natural food that would fret us. Let 'em eat it, as many of 'em as like it, at a reasonable price. Speaking for myself, I ain't a Conservative; these are free-trading times, and if I am required to leave a couple of penn'orth, cut extra thin, with a genteel skewer through it, for the missus's lunch or the master's supper, I'd do it as cheerfully as I'd chuck a ornary hap'orth down the area to Tibby. (Cheers.) George, bring me another fourpenn'orth, with lemon in it.

' Brother tradesmen, I've had my eye on this movement since it first started, and I've give a good deal of my mind to its consideration. I binds it up in the papers, and make notes of the most interesting features of it. A penny a week used to be my allowance of newspaper reading, but I reckon that for the last three months it has cost me fifteenpence a week, if a copper. (Cheers.) The rummest part of it is that the newspaper, or journal, or whatever they call it, in which I found more valuable reading than in all the rest put together, is not a newspaper that you can buy at the shops, but a private sort of affair, wrote a-purpose for learned and scientific swells, and put about amongst 'em free gratia. Here's a copy of it. (Cheers and groans.) Never mind how I came by it. P'raps the scientific swells have got

a traitor in their camp. (Laughter.) Praps I'm a scientific swell in disguise. (Much laughter, and an audible remark that he—the chairman—was artful enough to be a'most anything.)

'You must understand,' continued the chairman, referring to the journal he held in his hand, 'and I am glad to mention it, as showing that the societies are not quite so audacious as they might be—that they sail under false colours. They don't call themselves horse-eaters, but they are so very polite as to go to the Greeks for what dawgs'meat eating is in their language; and they call themselves hip—hippo—blest if I can pronounce it. (Some intelligent member of the company suggested "hyppocrites.") No, that won't do—hippophagists: that's what they call themselves; and, better than that, what on earth do you think they call the meat they've suddenly found and such a hanker-ing for? Not cats'-meat; oh, dear no! They didn't go to the Greeks this time; they went to the French, and they found that what stands for cats'-meat in that noble language was *chevaline*—pronounced *shiverlean*. I asked my daughter about that, so I know that it's all right. "I prefer to call it *shiverlean*," says the scientific gentleman, who's a lecturer on the subject in this paper, "because it's more musical." I reckon if he had about a hundred and a half of it to sell in ha'porths, and to call out every ha'porth of it, he'd soon find his musical pipe put out. (Laughter.)

'Now let us regard the matter from a matter-of-fact point of view, and see what there is in it. As far as my reading goes, I find that the strongest point of argument with our enemies is that the meat we supply to dogs and cats is shamefully wasted, while so many hundred labouring men go without animal food from one week's end to the other. "All they want," says the hippophidgits, "is to have their prejudices against horseflesh conquered, and then they'll take to it kindly." And how do the hippophidgits set about conquering the poor man's aversion for what his

instinct tells him is not proper food? Do they sit down to a plain bit of flank and shiverlean with a few taters and dumplings? Do they take a half a dozen pounds of undisguised top ribs of horse and pop it across a batter pudding and send it to the baker's? No. They send over to France for French cooks, who, as everybody knows, can make a delicate feed out of the leg of a wheelbarrow if you only give them gravies and sauces enough. They give the shiverlean into their hands, and they take it down into the kitchen, and they conjure with it with their stewpans and their seasonings and their smotherings, so that when it comes up to table its nature is altered to that extent that if it were set before a dog or a cat they would turn their nose up at it, not knowing it as their natural food in disguise. (Hear, hear.) To be sure, there is not much fear of the working man being moved to eating horseflesh under these conditions; since in the first place it would cost more for the sauce and the seasoning than a good joint of mutton not ashamed to appear in its naked juiciness and goodness; and in the second place, if French kickshaws and flavours and disguises might be had for nothing, they wouldn't entice the English working man, whose appetite is as blunt and plain as his manners. (Hear, hear.) The only sauce that would induce the English working man to go in for a feed of horseflesh is hunger. That is a sauce he's had plenty of, goodness knows, poor fellow, of late years; but it hasn't prevailed on him to tackle cat's-meat; and if the hippophidgits imagine that their fancy arguments and their playing at eating horse will ever have more weight with the hard-up man than the goodings and temptings of his necessity, why, in my opinion, the hippophidgits will find themselves mistaken. (Hear, hear.) When I say that the necessity of the out-o'-work has not been strong temptation enough to induce him to tackle cats'-meat,—of course I mean to tackle it openly and without shame or concealment. Does the hippo-

phidgit imagine that the taste of horse is unknown to the starving poor; that he is opening their eyes to a means of satisfying their hunger that never occurred to them before? He makes a great mistake if he thinks so; and this at first sight may seem like yielding a chalk to the other side; it is nothing of the kind. I see before me men whose places of business are in what we call 'skin and bone' neighbourhoods, from the poverty-stricken homes of which such luxuries as cats and dogs have been long ago banished, but where the trade in horse-flesh is brisker than ever. (Hear, hear.) Good Lord! you'd think that things never were so flourishing with 'em; that, not only can they afford to give themselves a bellyful, but also to put their cats and dogs on double rations. And to be fastidious, too, about the cut and the quality! "Let it be well done, please," or, "all in one piece, please, and no gristle, because our cat's teeth are bad." (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) It is no laughing matter, worse luck, but hard fact, as a dozen men present could bear witness. What did it prove? Why, what the poor wretches every one of them would rather die than have proved against them—that to stave off starvation they now and then turned to horse-flesh, buying it under false pretences and by stealth, and devouring it in loathing. (Cheers.) And how is that loathing to be altered to a liking? Is it the style of cookery in use at the slaughter-yards that was the main objection? What is the worst that can be said on that score? Why, that the knacker's butcher worked with his sleeves tucked up, and wore a leather apron, instead of a serge one, and used an axe and a prong instead of a knife and steel, and that the knacker's cook was not a genteel individual in a snowy smock and a bibbed apron, but a rough, ramshackle sort of fellow, who smoked a short pipe as he bundled the chunks of meat in and out of his big coppers with a pitchfork. But what of all that? A hungry man don't haggle over how many grains of salt should go to a pinch, neither will he let his

biled mutton chill while the waiter goes to look after a finger napkin for him. (Laughter.) A hungry man will, and does, eat things that have been cooked and made up for sale in a way not a bit more tempting than the boiling of horseflesh. Look at tripe! Look at faggots and saveloys! (Hear, hear.) Look at trotters! Why, trotters furnishes an answer at once. Thousands and thousands of sheep's trotters are sold in the streets and the public-houses every day, and relished, although the people who buy 'em know very well that they are boiled at the tanyards, and that French cooks are not paid for getting 'em ready for the pot. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) No, my fellow-tradesmen, it isn't the knacker's copper at which the hungry man takes fright; boil him a jolly good feed of beef and carrots in the same vessel, and ask him to dinner! I'll lay a wager that he doesn't object to the cook smoking a short pipe, or to the joints of meat being of an ugly shape. But he won't tackle cats-meat kindly. You can't make him do it; he can't make himself do it. You may get over him so far as to admit that all you say about the horse being as likely an animal as the ox, and that the two meats placed besides each other are more alike than chalk and cheese. You may even coax him to put a bit of shiverlean in his mouth, but there you lose your hold on him; there he loses his hold on himself. He's got the gorge that Nature gave him, and that gorge will rise, even though a whole troop of Horse-guards should be galloping round him to prevent it. (Much cheering.) You can't convince him against his nature; when the hippophidgits try it on, they don't succeed. How can they? Why, all their fussing and flourishing of trumpets tell against 'em. "Hi! hi!" they're always a shouting. "Hi! hi! walk up, and look here! Here's five-and-forty of us, wonderfully plucky individuals, have actually succeeded in forcing down our gullets a good many mouthfuls of shiverlean! We liked it; it's beautiful; we shouldn't a-known it from beef or from mutton, or from any other delicious meat;

its flavour was so very remarkable. Oh! look here! we've been eating shiverlean baked, and biled, and made into soup, and here we are alive!—alive!—alive, oh!" (Cheers and laughter.) I don't say that they all go prancing and capering at this rate; some of 'em, like the unfortunate gentleman who is reported in the learned newspaper I hold in my hand, take to it solemnly, and do their best to talk cool and scientific about it; but looking on from the outside the working man listens, and winks, and puts not a bit more faith in one than the other, having a suspicion that they kick up their heels and look grave for one and the same reason, and that is, that they are very much astonished and very grateful for their wonderful escape. (Cheers.)

'And now, my fellow-tradesmen, if I haven't got to the end of your patience, I should like to make a few observations on one or two of the arguments on which the hippophagist rests his case. Humanity towards the horse, as well as justice to the cravings of his appetite, is a virtue that the shiverlean eater claims as his. He says here, "Under the present system, the latter days of our faithful friend and companion the horse must ever be shrouded in misery. As his 'ears decline and his strength fails him, so is it his hard lot to pass into the hands of taskmasters more and more severe, till the lease of his life wearing to a narrow extremity, he is sold for just a few shillings over the knacker's price, and his brutal owner's one thought is to make the best of his bargain, and screw as much work as possible out of the poor brute while breath remains in his body." Further, he says, "If the horse was recognized as fit for man to eat, the value of his carcass would increase at least fourfold, and the wretched creature that now limps in agony into the slaughterer's yard, fit only for the poleaxe, and worth no more than five-and-twenty shillings, would, if he were killed a year or so earlier, and while he was yet in tolerable good condition, realize five or six pounds. We might very safely depend on the

owners of horses seeing which way their interest lay; and if hippophagy were universally adopted, the sight of hundreds of gaunt, wretched-looking horses toiling over the London stones would be spared us." Very good; that's humanity towards the horse, that is, and as such I have no objection to it. It is an out-and-out principle—almost as good as humanity towards your fellow-men. Not quite so good, though, and that's why I can't give my vote for it. (Hear, hear.) Yah! it's almost as sickening to me as their precious shiverlean itself to be made aware of such meanness. See how they are cornered at starting, these valiant hippophidgits! It is too much to ask any reasonable creature to crave after for their eating the poor, mangy, big-heeled brutes that may be seen tied in a string, tail and nose, and making their way towards Belle Isle; so what does Mr. Hippophidgit do but set his humanity astride of one of 'em, and from that elevation make an appeal to the tender feelings of the public! "Old horse is very good, my friends," says he; "rather more juicy and tender than spring lamb; but it smells a little strong; therefore we most recommend it; we nail our colours to fat young horses who are killed by accident, and elderly horses who are worth more in the dead than the live markets." Now just let us suppose that our friend had his way, what would be the consequence? In the first place, being a swell, and knowing no more about horses than Mr. Tattersall tells him, he sets down every awkward-looking, bony animal he meets in a pair of shafts as a miserable creature only fit for the knacker. He isn't aware that, for years and years after he has lost his beauty, the horse can be happy and contented on a well-stuffed nosebag and jog-trot work. He doesn't understand that in London alone there are *thousands* of poor men—small greengrocers, and goods-movers, and carmen—owning such horses, and treating them fairly; and—and this is the main point—that such horses can be bought in the market any market-day for three pounds

ten or four pounds. If you abolish horses in this stage of life, and eat 'em up off the face of the earth, what's to become of the thousands of hard-working men I'm speaking of? They can't afford to give eight or ten pounds for a horse; all they gave over three or four would come out of their small profits—out of the bread-basket at home. They'd be ruined. (Hear, hear.) And would the horse be benefited? Isn't it as possible to over-work and ill-use a middle-aged horse as an old one? and does it stand to reason that a brutal man would spare his beast, if it was fixed in his mind that he was worth just as much dead as alive? As the case now stands, there is a long jump between three pounds ten, about the lowest price you can buy a live horse at, and thirty shillings, about the highest that may be got for his dead carcase; and it isn't often that you find a deliberate brute at the same time such a deliberate fool as to squander away two pounds, which is the difference. (Hear, hear.)

'Then, still sticking to the "humanity" view of the matter, what is to become of cats and dogs if you take the food out of their mouths? They are not useless or ornamental pets, like canaries or parrots; they

are useful, and entitled to be fed. They earn their living in an honourable manner, most of them—dogs especially. (Hear, hear.) Rob them of their horseflesh, how are they to subsist? Will it be said that there is horse enough for all, and that pussy need not go without her dinner because there is boiled crupper or baked withers on the family dining-table? or Ponto be deprived of his paunch because there is a shiverlean tripe-supper going on up-stairs? (Laughter.) Is this the idea? or is there a dark design, secretly promoted by those in power, to cut off every dog and cat in the land? (Tremendous cheers, and shouts of "Dog-tax!") Is there any truth in the whisper that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has turned hippophidgit, and intends to—'

At this interesting part of the speech an emissary from Mr. Atcheller's establishment arrived, and entered the room with the announcement that the heads of the firm had resolved for the present to abandon the proposed increase of two shillings a hundredweight in the price of horseflesh; whereon Mr. William Spavinger, remarking that under the circumstances he would cut it short, resumed his seat amid loud cheering.

A SPRING-TIDE TALE.

THE days have grown, the years are long
 Since first I drank that fount of song.
 The failing lips were faint and old
 From which that stream of beauty rolled.
 The waning eyes were touched with night
 Which lent to me that inward light.
 He fast was fading from his place,
 I knelt, a child, before his face;
 Yet were our lives not far apart,
 The poet is a child in heart.

It was a simple Spring-tide tale.
 I feel it now, the breathsome gale
 That swayed and kissed the almond flowers
 Which flushed that sunny nook of ground,
 By cedars flanked, with mountains round.
 From peak to peak the joyous hours
 Danced in the sunlight, each alone,
 And following each a sister flown.

I mark the chasing shadows pass
 The lack's light spur along the grass.
 With gold encrowned, yet humbly sweet,
 Fair blossoms breathe about our feet.
 Roused to what glory round him lies,
 The cuckoo shouts his quaint surprise.
 A sympathetic music weaves
 A chain of song through all the leaves :
 To that same strain 'twixt heaven and earth
 Which heralds here the violet's birth
 Some wild bird, singing on its spray,
 Rocks in the dim woods far away.

He sang: I seemed to live anew.
 A child I sprang; a soul I grew.
 The common room with books strewed o'er,
 Thus listening, seemed as heaven's floor.
 Soft in that gathered hush-like rest
 I drew the Spring-tide to my breast.
 Never again should pastime weak
 Keep back my foot from mountain peak.
 Never again should heedless prate
 Knock idly at my soul's shut gate.
 I was awake, abroad, and full
 Of that keen joy no time can dull.
 Henceforth, the world of my delight
 With other grace was robed and dight;
 The gracious clouds grew arched with light,
 The cedars plumed before my sight.
 The happy brooks with silver feet
 Came rushing forth my steps to meet.
 The surging winds through inland trees
 Bore me rich sounds of far-off seas.
 With song and I 'twas May-time weather,
 And we two danced the woods together.

Thou art not silent, art not gone,
 O! living soul, in meekness flown;
 True Poet, father of all good,
 Who ever gave me flowers for food.
 Who cannot read the scroll on high
 When such a sun goes down the sky;
 And though its own long day be o'er
 Leaves still a light unknown before?
 He to his steadfast course was true,
 I the soft cloud that took his hue.
 'Twas his to warm my duller frame,
 To set my misty mind aflame;
 'Tis mine alone—'tis all I crave—
 Even with the parting light he gave
 To cast a glory on his grave.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.





[Illustration by Gustav Kautsky]

A SPRINGTIME Joke

[Illustration by Gustav Kautsky]

A Spring-tide Tale.

I mock the chasing shadows past
The lack a light spur along the grass,
With gold encrowned, yet humbly sweet,
Fair blossoms breathe about our feet.
Roused to what glory round him lies,
The cuckoo shows his quaint surprise.
A sympathetic music weaves
A chain of song through all the leaves:
To that same strain 'twixt heaven and earth
Where heralds here the violet's birth
Some wild bird, singing on its spray,
Sings in the dim woods far away.

He sang; I seemed to live anew.
A world I gained; a soul I grew.
The summer room with books strewn o'er,
That seemed, seemed us heaven's floor,
Seem as that gathered hush-like rest
I drew the spring-tide to my breast.
Never again should passions weak
Keep back my foot from mountain peak.
Never again should restless pride
Hush lily at my soul's shot gate.
I was awake, abroad, and full
Of that love by no time can dull:
Henceforth, the world of my delight
With other grace was robed and dight;
The glooms of clouds grew robed with light,
The odors plumed before my sight.
The happy brooks with silver o'er
Came rushing forth my steps to meet.
The singing winds through inland trees
Bore the rich sounds of far-off seas.
With song and I 'twas May-time weather,
And we two danced the woods together.

Thou art not silent, art not gone,
O! living soul, in loneliness down;
Yvee Deet, father of all good,
Who ever gave me flowers for food.
Who cannot read the scroll on high
When such a sun goes down the sky;
And through its own long day to o'er
I know will a light unknown before?
He is his steadfast source was true,
I like and loved that took his hue.
'Twas he to warm my colder frame,
To set my misty mind aflame;
'Twas he who—'tis all I crave—
Even with the parting light he gave
To set a glory on his grave.

THEOPHILUS E. HARTY.

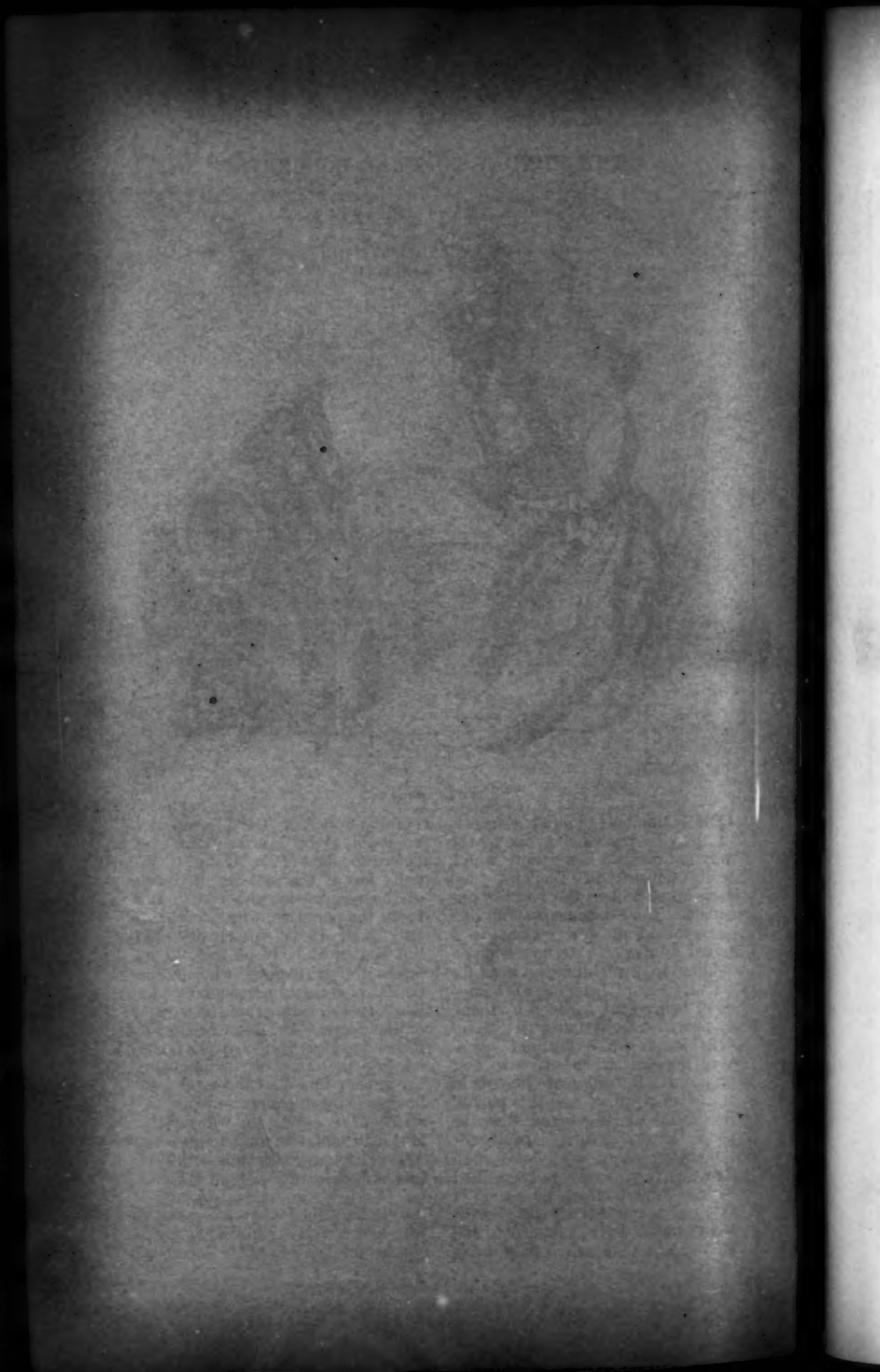




Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

A SPRINGTIDE TALE

[See the Poem]



THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.



A TRIO OF THE EAST.

THE Monday Popular Concerts may be regarded as one of the very few musical institutions which really flourish in England, and have taken root in the heart of our public. The experiment of offering the choicest musical classics to a mixed audience, paying from a shilling to five shillings a head for the privilege of listening to them—or of being sent to sleep by them, as many thought must be the inevitable result—did not seem very hopeful when it was first proposed. But there are liberals in art as in politics; and it is part of the liberal artistic creed that the people have a greater capacity for the enjoyment of works of a high class than they are generally credited with. Nevertheless, a heart of oak, and a purse triply lined with money, must have belonged to the man who first embarked in Monday

Popular Concerts. Good music was, no doubt, to be heard in England before the days of Mr. Arthur Chappell; but it was not within reach of the people—by which we do not mean the populace, whose taste can only lead them to music-halls; but the great body of the public, minus the aristocracy, who, in the matter of classical music, have long had a special caterer and instructor of their own. Mr. John Ella made it his business some years ago to educate the upper classes in chamber-music; and he carries on that business still in connexion with the series of concerts known as the Musical Union. In awarding to Mr. Arthur Chappell the praise due to him as founder of the Monday Popular Concerts, we must not forget the distinguished *virtuoso* and critic who had already established an exclusive and anti-popular series of

entertainments, at which the programmes (annotations apart) were precisely of the same character as Mr. Chappell's. But while Mr. Chappell boldly called upon all whom such music might concern to come and enjoy it freely and almost for nothing, Mr. Ella warned the profane to keep back, and imposed severe tests, and the most stringent conditions on all candidates for the honour of hearing quartets performed under his personal sanction and superintendence. One word of encouragement, and Mr. Ella would have insisted on applicants for admission being balloted for. As it was, he contented himself with requiring an introduction from an actual subscriber to the Musical Union; and, as a testimony of good faith, half a sovereign, which was not returned. Although half a sovereign was the fee expected from the would-be possessor of a single ticket, a reduction (if in such case the language of commerce may be employed) was made on taking a quantity. A person of good social position and distinguished manners could, if properly presented, be allowed to hear six concerts for two guineas (payable in advance). To be sure, he got something more than sweet sounds for his money. He gained the opportunity of moving—in a peripatetic sense, at least—in the very best society. He acquired, too, on being appointed a member of the audience of the Musical Union, the right of giving books to an establishment in connection with it, called the Musical Institute, and of receiving gratuitously the current numbers of the 'Musical Record,' a very original sheet in which Mr. Ella's opinions on himself, the Musical Union, the Musical Institute, and other topics of minor importance are faithfully set down. Signing his own criticisms on himself and his own doings, Mr. Ella, not to lose countenance, used formerly to publish in the 'Musical Record' the names of all other critics who discussed the concerts of the Musical Union. If they objected to this, he rebuked them, and told them to consider the ways of the French press, in which all criticisms

are signed. He also rebuked them if they did not express sufficient admiration of his concerts; and, on a repetition of the offence, expelled them. More than one critic has been driven from Mr. Ella's concerts as Adam was driven from the garden of Eden. They may have learned to bear their punishment by reflecting that the Musical Union was, after all, not Paradise.

Nothing whatever is to be said against Mr. Ella's concerts in an artistic point of view. To judge from a collection of programmes submitted to us, they must have been interesting entertainments; only they were too dear, too exclusive (or at least had the appearance of being so); and Mr. Arthur Chappell rendered an immense service to the public when he organized a series of similar concerts on a much wider basis.

It must be admitted that, without a certain amount of previous cultivation, no one can appreciate the highest productions of art. This is especially true in regard to musical art. Music is a universal language; but it is only the simplest utterances in this language that are universally intelligible. Beethoven's Choral Symphony might appeal equally to the sensibilities of uneducated Englishmen, uneducated Frenchmen, and uneducated Russians, and, beyond impressing them all through the mere force of sonority, would say very little to either. A rustic audience, from no matter what country, would probably derive some pleasure from the Pastoral Symphony. The imitations of natural sounds would interest them—as the merest cockney might be interested by Shakespeare's bad puns, and by the trivialities, if not absolute flaws, to be found in so many poetical masterpieces. If our subject were, not the Monday Popular Concerts, but music in general—and not only music in general, but art in general,—it would be interesting to consider what the chief elements of popularity are in those musical, artistic, and poetical masterpieces which have really become popular.

Why does 'Don Giovanni' attract large audiences more constantly than any other opera? Why is the Madonna della Seddia the chosen design for such numbers of cheap pictorial brooches? Why is 'Hamlet' the play of plays to fill the shilling gallery on a Saturday night? Not, as one species of cant would have it, because the public have a blind traditional reve-

rence for the works of Mozart, Raphael, Shakespeare; nor, as cant of another kind puts it, because the general body of the public are, in their *naïveté* and sweet susceptibility, more open to grand impressions than their so-called superiors, whose sympathies have been dulled by cultivation. Our simple, direct explanation of the phenomenon in question is, as regards opera,



HEADS FROM THE BALCONY.

that number of people like the tunes in 'Don Giovanni,' without appreciating the beauty of the entire work; as regards the Virgin of the Brooch, that they are charmed by the lovely face; as regards the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' that the story interests them apart from the poetry and philosophy in which it

is clothed. The shilling gallery may admire 'Hamlet,' in all sincerity; but they cannot admire it so much as a Goethe, a Schlegel, or a Hazlitt; nor for such various, nor, above all, for such lofty reasons.

We should like very much to know what the shilling public, on the nights devoted at St. James's



HEADS FROM THE STALLS.

Hall to Monday Popular Concerts, finds so much to admire in certain specimens of chamber-music, full of very choice, but also very recondite beauties? say, for instance, the last quartets of Beethoven. Perhaps, treating each programme as an entire work, it may be affirmed that in each—as in the opera of 'Don Gio-

vanni'—there is something for the general public, while there is also a great deal which speaks eloquently to the regularly instructed musician, and even to the self-educated connoisseur; but to the great outside mass, says only what the celebrated sonata did to the celebrated French philosopher, who, listening did not know

what to make of it. 'Sonate que me veux tu?' exclaimed jesting Fontenelle; and receiving no answer, concluded that the sonata of which he could make nothing must somehow be in the wrong. Without being blind worshippers of mere names, we may hope that the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts do not, when they find that they cannot place themselves *en rapport* with some work of great repute, at once make up their minds that the work is to blame. The sonata's reply to Fontenelle has never been made known, often as his triumphant, one-sided conversation with that unhappy piece of music has been repeated. But, before giving any answer, it might

well have said to him, in the name of all music: 'Que me veux tu Fontenelle?' The true complaint of the philosopher against the sonata appears to have been, that it could not utter witticisms, or discourse to him on the 'Plurality of Worlds.'

The scheme of the Monday Popular Concerts, though it gives no place to frivolous *ad captandum* pieces, yet includes, within certain limits, a great variety of music. Music written merely for the sake of display—that is, for the display of certain qualities on the part of the executant—is absolutely proscribed. At the Monday Popular Concerts the leading pianist will never play Thalberg's pianoforte fantasias; nor the leading violinist, Paga-



HEADS FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

nini's variations on the 'Carnival of Venice;' nor the leading violoncellist, arrangements and disarrangements of popular operatic airs. We should be astonished, too, in the way of vocal music, to hear Signor Arditi's world-famed 'Il bacio' at these entertainments, or any ordinary operatic air. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the vocal music is not always so strictly classical as the instrumental music invariably is. We have heard songs at the Monday Popular Concerts which would have made quidnuncs look agast through their spectacles, and pedants shake their wigs in dismay.

" Since the word 'classical' has, at last, escaped us, let us ask the precise signification of that word, in connection with music. The director of the Monday Popular Con-

certs does not employ it at all, and we applaud him for it. He gives his concerts a name which implies nothing more than that they take place on Mondays, and are addressed to the 'people,' in the full and proper sense of the word—the public of all classes. Nevertheless, in describing them briefly, one must say that they consist of 'classical' music; and for our own sake, as for that of musical readers and musical writers in general, we should like to see this word properly defined.

We all know what the words 'classic,' 'classical,' ought to mean. A 'classic' should be a work placed and maintained in the first rank by the consent of the best judges of succeeding generations. After a certain lapse of years, a work that has once been fairly recognized as a classic continues to pass as such without further question; and though

no one—perhaps because no one—takes any further interest in it will be so esteemed until the end of time. There was a period when the only classics in literature were the Greek and Latin classics; and, by a pardonable abuse of language, the term 'classical' is still applied emphatically, if not exclusively, to those works and all their belongings. Thus 'a classical education' has come to mean an education in Greek and Latin; 'a prize for classics,' a prize for proficiency in Greek and Latin; 'a classical master,' a master who gives instruction in Greek and Latin, and so on. A classic in our own literature is called 'a British classic'—as though it were to the real thing what Britannia metal is to silver, or British brandy to pure cognac. And there is, after all, some meaning in this. For Pope, Dryden, and Milton were very modern poets indeed, compared to Horace, Juvenal, and Virgil; and, classics or not, the poets of the last two hundred years have not been tested like the poets of the last two thousand years. There is a difference, too, between a reputation enjoyed in one particular corner of the earth and a reputation spread over the whole civilized globe. 'Civilization ceases,' said Joseph le Maistre, with indisputable truth—whatever the significance of that truth may be—'where the study of the Latin language ceases;' and authors, whose writings influence in different degrees all civilized men, and have been exercising this influence for nearly twenty centuries, may well be styled 'classical.'

In the drama and in painting, the word classical has a special and very restricted meaning. A classical drama is a drama founded on a subject already treated by one of the dramatists of Greece, or, by exception, Rome. (Corneille's 'Horace,' for instance, is an adaptation from the Latin of Seneca.) At the same time the French recognize in their drama a clearly-marked classical form. A classical subject is to be preferred—either the subject of an ancient classical drama, or, failing that, any subject borrowed

from antiquity; but the division of the drama into five acts, and the observance of the three unities, must, in any case, be insisted on. Indeed, in the present day, classicality in the French drama is, above all, a question of form. There is also, however, the question of classicality in language, which we feel to be somewhat beyond our competence, but as to which we may, nevertheless, say a few words. The language, then, of a French classical drama should be in strict accordance with the teachings and traditions of the French Academy—of which Molière was never a member. It should be correct, chaste, not given to metaphor, not fertile in imagery—unless indeed it be second-hand imagery already approved and sanctioned by the Academy; devoid of humour; the servant of one idea—that idea being never to deviate into originality, but to walk in the ancient ways, after the manner of the French classical writers of the French Augustan age, and in constant fear of the French Academy. The classical drama in France is the drama as moulded by the classical writers of the French stage—or those who, for a time, were so considered. It is admitted now that the French classical drama is dying out; and Schlegel demonstrated years ago that it possessed none of the elements of vitality. What, then, is to be said of so-called 'classics' whose existence cannot be prolonged for two centuries? Simply that they are not classics at all.

In pictorial art there are two kinds of classicality. In one sense a classical picture is any picture painted on a subject from *Lemprère's Classical Dictionary*—a work which, perhaps more than any other, after the *Peerage*, and the authorized version of the *Scriptures*, deserves to rank as a British classic. David, the author of the naked Romulus in the Louvre, was at one time the head of this classical school of painting in France. But true classicality in the pictorial as in other arts, consists in the study and imitation of what are generally recognized as the highest models; and, whatever a classical picture may be, a classical

painter is one who endeavours to follow in the steps of the great masters. Thus Ingres, the chief classical painter of modern France, devoted himself at one time exclusively to the study of Raphael, and was said to have familiarized himself with all that Raphael had produced down to the smallest sketch. Let us add, by way of memorandum, that for the classical painter the great textbooks are not the classical authors, nor even Lemprière's dictionary, but the Bible, the New Testament, and

the 'Lives of the Saints.' Indeed, in representing what in literature would be called classical subjects, David was nothing less than an innovator.

As regards both the French classical drama and French classical painting, in place of the word 'classical,' the word 'traditional,' or 'conventional,' might well be used. If an artist in the present day should so far forget himself as to paint what is known as a classical landscape (a student fresh from the Ecole des Beaux Arts might do



PIANO QUARTETT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
Madame Goddard, M.M. Benedict, Joachim, Strauss, and Piatti.

such a thing) it would be a good thing to explain to him that there is nothing 'classical' at all in such productions. Our readers are aware that a so-called 'classical' landscape is a landscape *plus* a temple (the temple, however, may, on occasion, be omitted), *plus* one or more human figures, who are indispensable, inasmuch as it is only through the imaginary enjoy-

ment of the beauties of the landscape by these imaginary personages that any real enjoyment of them can be obtained by the actual spectator of the picture. Such at least is the ingenious theory on the subject; which is about as reasonable—indeed less reasonable—than to pretend that no man thoroughly admires a pretty girl unless he sees some other man admiring her.

What a variety, then, of things classical there are in the world! The classics properly so called—the chosen reading of a large portion of educated society for the last two thousand years; the pseudo-classics of modern literature, in which the mere outside forms of the ancient originals are reproduced; the genuine classics of modern literature; the classics of painting, including the works of the old masters and those pseudo-classics, the imitations of the works of the old masters; and, finally, the classics of music, concerning which we should like to have clearer views than we actually possess. Hitherto writers have been able to give a far better account of themselves, their works, and their manner of working than painters; while painters have, in these respects, shown themselves superior to musicians. We admit that it is not the proper business of a musician to deliver lectures on his art for the enlightenment of the heathen. Nevertheless we should like to hear the answers of the first half-dozen who should be requested to explain what is, and what is not, classical music. In the opinion of myriads of young ladies—the chief students of music in this and all other countries—‘classical music’ is a name used to designate any sort of music in which there is more harmony than melody, more learning than inspiration, and which is generally dull.

Some hold that the ‘classical’ in music corresponds to the ‘legitimate’ in the drama. In the drama everything is ‘legitimate’ that is in five acts. Is it true that in music everything is ‘classical’ which is in the form of a symphony, a concerto, a sonata, or any other of the recognized forms which the great masters of instrumental music have systematically employed?

As a general rule no Italian music is considered classical—or, at least, not until half a century or so after it has been composed. German music, on the other hand, is almost classical by birth.

We fancy a certain amount of seriousness—is thought absolutely necessary in ‘classical’ music; and

though satire—thanks, no doubt, to the salt that is in it—lasts as long as any kind of poetry, it may be true that comic music and lively music, in general, are less permanently impressive than music of a serious cast. In the meanwhile, in the absence of all definitions and laws on the subject, ask any member, or dozen members, of the concert-going, opera-going public, whether Rossini’s ‘Barber of Seville’ is a classical work or not, and be sure he will answer in the negative. Yet it is Beaumarchais in music, and as admirable musical comedy as ever was produced. The claims of Mozart’s ‘Marriage of Figaro’ to be considered classical would, of course, pass unquestioned. We fully believe, too, that the music of Mendelssohn’s ‘Son and Stranger’ would be declared ‘classical’ even by those who never heard it, and solely on the ground that it is the work of Mendelssohn. If, indeed, ‘classical’ were an epithet reserved for the works of all great, earnest composers, it would at least be intelligible, however incorrect. As it is that term is applied, not only to the works of the great masters, but to all very serious, and more or less learned, music written in observance of their forms.

However, musicians, great and small, musical young ladies, amateurs of both sexes, and the public in general, will certainly agree in regarding the instrumental music performed at the Monday Popular Concerts as ‘classical,’ though, as we have before observed, the director never makes use of the word in his announcements. If Mr. Arthur Chappell were bound by law to describe the exact composition of his concerts, it would be enough for him to say that they are made up of the finest examples of chamber-music left by the great masters; by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn. Nor are more modern composers neglected—Schumann, for instance, whose works, whatever may be their merits, can scarcely as yet be styled ‘classical.’ The Roman Catholic Church does not canonize its saints until five hundred years after their

death. It would be too much to ask for such a delay in the case of a composer claiming classical rank. But it is evidently of the essence of classicality that the title of the composer to the epithet of 'classical' should be indisputable and universally recognized.

The best music cannot, like so much of the best literature, make its way unaided. Like the literature of the stage, it needs eloquent interpreters; and in this respect the admirable music presented at the Monday Popular Concerts has been most fortunate. Mr. Arthur Chappell has made his immense audiences acquainted, not only with the best music, but also with the best musicians. The names of the distinguished artists who have at various times taken part in these concerts would, together, make a long list. The *habitués* will recognize by their portraits those chief favourites who, more than any others, have helped to establish the 'Monday Populars,' and to gain for them the large amount of public estimation which they actually enjoy. Each of these artists, like the music they jointly and separately execute, has been heard, not in England only, but in all parts of musical Europe; and it would perhaps interest some of our English readers—it might even benefit those among them who claim to be considered judges of pianoforte-playing—to hear what the celebrated German critic, Herr Louis Rellstab, said of Madame Arabella Goddard's playing, when, in the year 1855, that lady was performing at Berlin.

'The whole of the second part,' wrote Herr Rellstab, 'was supported by the fair concert-giver alone, who performed Beethoven's colossal sonata in B flat major, the most impracticable of all his pianoforte compositions. Only those who, by careful study, have gained an insight into the difficult and complicated nature of the work, are fully capable of appreciating the extra-

ordinary and masterly performance of Miss Arabella Goddard.

The sonata in B flat, during the thirty years, or thereabouts, that it has been known to the select musical public, has constantly employed the utmost energies of all musicians, who have in vain exercised their powers of execution and judgment on this enigmatical sphinx. For our own part we have only heard it played in private by a few, and that more as an attempt at detached portions than as a great whole. A less celebrated pianist, Mortier de Fontaine, intended to play it in public; Liszt is said to have done so; while Mendelssohn, we are assured, several times attempted it, but declared he found the last movement insurmountable on account of the long, continuous exertion requisite. One thing is certain; it is a stupendous task for the pianist; and even supposing others can accomplish it, the young and gifted lady has, in the present instance, the threefold merit of having played it here first, of being a lady who did so, and of having done so with a fluency and perfection in which it is doubtful that any man ever equalled, much less surpassed her.'

It is noticeable that of the four artists engaged in the performance of the pianoforte quartett represented in our engraving, each belongs to a different country. Herr Joachim is a Hungarian, Herr Strauss a German, Signor Piatti an Italian, Madame Goddard an Englishwoman. Mr. Benedict, the able and indefatigable conductor of the Monday Popular Concerts, who, with characteristic politeness, is turning over the leaves for Madame Goddard, is, by birth and education, a German—he was the favourite pupil of Karl Maria von Weber. But Mr. Benedict has so long been settled in England, and has worked so earnestly and with such good results for the English public, that we should be glad to think we might claim him as a fellow countryman.



Drawn by J. B. Wilson.

ONE YEAR AGO.

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THE LONDON SOCIETY. JUNE 1886.

THE PICCADILLY LADY

By A. D. D. D.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JOURNAL. BY MISS ATHERTON.

This biography of Queen Victoria, and better, is no longer a mere record of the most remarkable events which have been shrouded in mystery and obscurity. We observe, with re-

gardless, that, being at the time, personally, that, amongst other things, that, as a great deal of the lady, and might, accordingly, be set down in a simple, plain-

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